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THE MIRROR

VOL. XI

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1901

NO. 8

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE

WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 8.

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The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

206-209 OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed to J. J. SULLIVAN, Business Manager.

EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: A. LENALIE, 939 Eighth Avenue, Van Dyck Building, New York City.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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REFLECTIONS.

Is It Queer?

FUNSTON has been rewarded for the capture of Aguinaldo. It does seem, however, that there was something queer about that "capture." Three days before Aguinaldo's capture the newspapers told us Funston had started to capture him. The papers almost told how the capture was to be effected. The news could easily have been gotten to Aguinaldo by using the cable from this country. Aguinaldo was captured to the minute of Funston's calculation. It is strongly suspected that Aguinaldo was willing to be captured. It is not reported that he is grieving over his fate. It does look as if he only wanted an excuse to give up and make terms. 'Twas a slim, a very slim trick that trapped him, and there, probably, was money behind the rather theatrical device that was employed to effect the great deed. There is a decidedly off-color appearance about the great exploit, to the eyes of many people, and this

appearance is not diminished by the complacency with which "the last Democrat" accepts his alleged ill-fortune. In short, it looks as if Aguinaldo had sold out—as he did once to Spain. If so, the question is, will he stay sold?

* * *

Opportunity and Fakie

STEVE BRODIE'S estate turns out to be worth \$100,000. He made it all by pretending to have plunged off Brooklyn bridge. This is an achievement showing the glorious greatness of this country. It established the plunging precedent. After Brodie pointed out the way to do it, the thing was easy. Had it not been for Brodie we should never have seen the triumphant plunge of John W. Gates into finance, or of Harry Lehr into the 400. Brodie was a master fakir. But he typified New York. Ninety-nine one hundredths of the great reputations in that metropolis are based upon pretense as flagrant as that of Brodie that he had made the great leap from the Brooklyn bridge. The Bowery saloon-keeper's face should appear hereafter on the great seal of Gotham.

* * *

He Stood to Lose

IN any event the municipal elections in St. Louis and Chicago must tend to eliminate the editor of the *Commoner* as a perpetual candidate for President. The Nebraskan was a "knocker" of his party in both places. The great advocate of the sanctity of regularity was a bolter. He stood out against admitting the erring gold-bugs to the party. He stood out against Home Rule. He didn't believe the United States should rule the Philippines, but he did believe that he, from Nebraska, should rule the metropoli of Missouri and Illinois. If the Boy Orator of the Platte succeeded in beating the regular nominees in St. Louis and Chicago, he only served notice that the men who defeated the party by their secession in 1896 and 1900 were not wanted in the party. If the candidates of the Democracy in St. Louis and Chicago were victorious, the fact would be a sign that the Nebraskan's influence was *nil* with the men who can carry elections. However the elections resulted the result could only be damaging to the influence and power of the great vocal Boss. His attitude showed that his personal vanity and self-interest got the better of his judgment. He was thinking only of his own supremacy and not of any patriotic purpose to solidify once more all the forces of opposition to Republicanism. The country-at-large appreciated this fact. And so, at the close of the campaign, it was clear to everyone that, in any event, his leadership was over. If he smashed the city Democracy in St. Louis and Chicago he offended the party Nationally, for if the party can't carry the cities, it can't carry the States, and if it can't carry the States it can't carry the Nation. If the Democrats of St. Louis and Chicago won without him, the Democrats of the country at large could see that his elimination was necessary to national success. And so, no matter what the nature of the news from either or from both the great cities Wednesday morning it was sure to be bad news for the Boss. He would have done well to keep his hand and mouth out of both affairs. But the gentleman in question cares nothing for anything or anyone but himself, and such a man can never be a great political leader. The revelation of this extremely selfish phase of his character must surely result in a steadily diminishing prestige.

* * *

Almost and Perhaps

SO Maurice Barrymore is insane. Barrymore is undoubtedly one of the pleasantest men who ever lived. He had talent, good looks, wit, generosity, geniality of all sorts. People could no more help liking him than they could help responding to the influence of a beautiful day. He achieved easily both proficiency in his profession and

favor with the public. Every frailty of him was forgiven. He was lazy but loveable. He had genius, but not the sort that has been defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains. He was as irresponsible as a fairy. Nature and men and women and even the theatrical syndicate were good to him. He was always on the verge of being a great actor, but he never got beyond promise. He paid the penalty. His very virtues destroyed him. He couldn't help being popular, and popularity obstructed his work and dissipated his energies. The world that was so easy and kind to him was, in reality, all the while destroying him and making failure of his apparent success. And that's the pity of it—that he was a too-fortunate man. But, perhaps, many of us had not loved him so, had he been less fluid of character. It's something to have been widely loved. Perhaps it's more than to have succeeded—even if love of the love of others does find its finale in a mad-house. Perhaps.

* * *

The Boom for Odell

MR. ODELL, of New York, is the newest Presidential possibility, on the Republican side, his availability being urged ostensibly because he has displayed a strong backbone in opposition to Boss Platt. But that is not the true reason. Mr. Odell is being put forward to injure Mr. Roosevelt, to make it seem likely that Mr. Roosevelt cannot carry New York for the next National Republican Convention. The men who dominate the Republican party cannot control Roosevelt. He is too much of an anti-commercialist for their purposes. Odell may have fallen out with Platt, or he may not; you can't always tell, by superficialities, in New York. It is not improbable that a scheme has been put up to give him the credit for such a rebellion, in order to make inroads upon Roosevelt's following. Mr. Odell may triumph over Mr. Platt in opposition to the general policy of destroying municipal independence in New York State, for Mr. Platt is old and somewhat broken, but there are other bosses than Platt in the Republican party and those other bosses, like Hanna, Quay, and Elkins, are not inclined to take up a boss-smasher. And while New York is a great factor in politics there are Ohio and Indiana and Illinois to be considered. Odell's boom is rather uncertain as to foundation and too previous in launching.

* * *

Dickery-Dockery

THE Kansas City *Independent* writes perspicuously about Governor Dockery. "In at least two instances he has made forced loans, or more properly levied official blackmail, by the threat to sign or not to sign bills that were objectionable to particular interests or classes of men. For a quarter of a million of dollars he agreed not to sign the bill levying an additional tax on beer, and for another quarter of a million, to veto the bill putting an additional tax on whiskey." That seems a too blunt way of putting the matter, but the statement is true. Dockery is working a hold-up game. If the Governor of Missouri will agree, for money, not to sign a bill then he is guilty of an act for which he should be impeached. A bill should be signed on its merits. If the beer tax bill was just, then no consideration of payment of a disputed beer tax of less exactingness should prevent its signature. Dockery wants the money for the State, but a man who gets money for the State in wrong ways, like Dockery's, is not to be trusted to any great extent. What assurance have we that the sum that goes into the treasury for a Dockery signature or for the withholding of a Dockery signature is the sum actually put up by the interested parties. Dockery thinks he is making friends of the brewers and whiskey men. He is not. They feel that he is robbing them under threat, and that is exactly what he is doing. He is exacting money for the State by illegal methods.

The Mirror

He is usurping the powers of the Courts. He is making himself a dictator, saying that it is in a good cause, but there never yet was a dictator who didn't start with the idea that he was doing the best thing, only to wind up by doing things for his own advantage. The *Independent* says: "From the first to the last of the late session of the Legislature, the Governor took the initiative in legislation by preparing bills, or having them prepared by others, and presenting them with his indorsement to one house or the other for action." We read further this very true statement of the Governor's conduct: "When he was not having bills of his own introduced, he was so active in securing the passage or rejection of those introduced by members, that there was no perceptible difference between him and the other lobbyists." It is no part of the Governor's duty to run the Legislature, but Dockery does it, and when the Legislature adjourns, Dockery uses the laws passed by that body to get money out of interests threatened by those laws. As a violent anti-Stephens Democrat put the matter the other day, Dockery's administration begins to make the Stephens administration respectable.

* * *

The Author's Trade

THERE are tricks in all trades and the trade of authorship is getting to be as full of them as the trade of three-card monte. The modern book-maker, unable to work the press for a paragraph three times a week, is so far out of the running that his hoof-beats are inaudible. There is Mr. Hall Caine, for instance, who is frequently due for an announcement that he has in preparation a giant work that will put the "Christian" on the ropes and keep it there. There is Mr. Ham Garland, who, in every snow-storm, typographically recalls the fact he spent some months in Alaska thinking fervid things on a diet of lichens and gum-boots *au naturel*. There is Mr. "Hoot Mon" Crockett, who sedulously exploits the fact that his type-writer was built to order; that it cost \$500; that it is much stronger than the common type-writer because he writes so strongly and that he smokes constantly while composing. There is the Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady, who does historical narratives of the calibre of the old "Rollo" tales and insists that the world shall know exactly how it is done. There is General Charles King, without whose portrait no illustrated weekly or magazine of the day is complete. The woods are full of them. I am reminded of this matter by a circular sent from Chicago, the other day, which informs me that for \$2.50 I can have a half-tone picture of myself printed on the company's folders together with three agate lines telling folks what a master of fiction I be. After all, why not? If these men have certain goods to sell, why should they not advertise them? The writer has as much right to hawk his wares or to start a line of sandwich men trotting in the early dawn as any dry-goods merchant of them all. I shall welcome the day when the creators of our fiction shall have reached the stage of "overcoat music" and patrol the streets of our principal cities with a brass band.

* * *

Spartan Virtue

THIS is the season when legislators are popping up all over the land with the declaration that somebody has attempted to bribe them. Of course the bribes were rejected and the bribers humiliated with the statutory ejaculation: "Take back your gold!" It is necessary, however, that the public should know about it because only in this way can the public be made to understand and appreciate the Spartan virtue of the aforesaid member of the state skuptschina. One solon has resigned because his fellow lawgivers ride on passes and occupy theater boxes with corporation attorneys. Another white-hearted patriot declares that \$200 was offered him in one towering pile. Up in Minnesota, Mr. Jacobson has arisen to a question of personal privilege and asseverated that the railway lobby is shooting his associates in the mouth with champagne bottles at the rate of fifty shots a night. There is but one way in which the maiden honor of these men may be preserved from violation. They should go straight home and set the door-latch on the front door, nailing down the windows

and liberating the dog in the back-yard. Probably, too, the country would worry along without them.

* * *

Thrashing Musty Straw

SINCE the beginning of the year it has been a fad with some of the journals of the country to publish page-and-a-half articles on the century's progress in various branches of the arts and sciences. The usefulness of these articles has not been apparent. Each has attached the name of some man distinguished in the field of which he writes, but in no case has he been able to tell more than may be found within the limits of any plain treatise. The latest, and least valuable, is a screed about "Literature" penned by Mr. Andrew Lang, one of the most graceful and cocksure scribblers existing. Mr. Lang says nothing about the literature of the nineteenth century not within the cognizance of an ordinary person, and the chances are that he got \$500 to spoil good white paper. Most of us are aware that Dickens and Scott and Bulwer and Meredith and Balzac have written some passable things and to be told of it extensively by Mr. Lang does not add to our content. That which is true of the Lang article is true also of the articles on "Surgery," "Electricity," "Naval Architecture" and so forth. The prevalence of this stuff in the dailies tends to make a man go back to "Hudibras" or the "Canterbury Tales" for comfort. The "experts" employed to do these "heavy specials" have failed to tell us anything new. Nearly all of them have been kept busy, however. If a man had attained any prominence in any branch, he was pretty certain to be hailed by the head of a press syndicate with the request that he turn his time into dollars. Nor have these contributions been confined to papers of the first class. While one set of "experts" has been ripping the viscera from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for the behoof of the *New York Sun*, another set has been imbruing its fingers in the viscera of Chambers' for the benefit of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*. The advisability of choking up columns with this truck is a matter for the judgments and consciences of the editors. I cannot see any good in it. Rather than waste time and acquire fatigue in wading waist-deep through the seas of words which wash about old facts, one would prefer to squat all night on a sand-heap and yowl at the moon.

* * *

The North Pole

IT requires no super-confidence to predict that the north pole will be reached and definitely located within the next few years. Each of the expeditions now bound northward is commanded by a man of bravery and experience and each of them is thoroughly outfitted. What human brain and muscle can do will be done. Certainly it is not the intent of the Teutonic nations to leave the palm with the Latin Abruzzi, though in Arctic exploration more than in any field of human endeavor "*Qui meruit palmar ferat*" holds good. It will be strange, indeed, if these intense and intelligent efforts are fruitless. I am inclined to believe that Walter Wellman, the Washington newspaper man, would now have the "farthest north" to his credit, but for an accident which deprived him of the use of one of his legs. When Wellman first started to the pole, in 1893, I think, a writer upon the *Washington Post* uncharitably termed his effort an "opera bouffe" expedition, but there was no opera bouffe about his last trial. Anyhow, as opposed to Norwegians, Italians, Germans and English, I back some American to prove that there is no open polar sea by walking to the center of it.

* * *

The Case of Mrs. Watson

IT will be well if the "new woman" ponders the case of James Watson, of New York City. Then she will be able to see whither she is drifting. The wife of James Watson haled him to court charging him with non-support. The magistrate said: "You get plenty to eat?" Mrs. Watson said that of course she did. The magistrate said: "You wear good clothes?" Mrs. Watson said: "So-so." The magistrate said: "You have a good home?" Mrs. Watson said: "I have." The magistrate said: "What do you

want—the earth?" Mrs. Watson said that she wanted exact information as to what Watson did with his money; he might spend it in riotous living for all she knew. Watson testified that for twenty-one years he had given every dollar of his earnings to his wife. Sometimes she let him have a little pocket-money and sometimes she didn't. At the end of the time there was not a dollar saved. Lately he had taken to keeping the money in his own pocket, giving her as much as she needed for household expenses. Mrs. Watson was told to go home and play Beethoven Op. 32 on the cook-stove. It is well for the "new woman" to read about this, because in the behavior of Watson there is evidence of the rebellion of the timorous male. The worm will turn when it has been trodden on for twenty-one years. This wage-earner is a type of trousered humanity. His action calls in trumpet-tones to the "new woman": "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." We of the bifurcated garment and the hard-boiled hat cheer Watson wildly. With splendid courage he has recorded a protest for us all. The "new woman" must slacken her pace. She must make haste slowly else there will be open conflict—and that means her practically continuous performance with the dusting-broom, the carpet-sweeper and the stove.

* * *

To Split the South

IN regard to the operation of the southern disfranchisement laws, made for the barring out of voting blacks, it may be said that much more than a majority of illiterate whites will be also prevented casting their ballots. In Louisiana, for instance, the statute required that illiterate whites must "sign the roll" within a certain time—that is to say, they must appear before the proper official and declare their white blood and illiteracy. In New Orleans, encouraged by the example of non-illiterate politicians, who themselves signed the "illiterate lists," they appeared in reasonable numbers, but through all of the country parishes eight out of ten of them staid at home. The result is that they can not vote and, in this respect, are upon a political parity with the blacks. In regard to the constitutionality of the law, opinions vary widely. Chairman Bell, of the suffrage committee of the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, believes the measure to be sound, but both of the Louisiana Senators, McEnery and Caffery, went on record against its constitutionality. If the Republican party is wise, it will forbear to press the question, because there can not be the least doubt that in every disfranchising Southern State where only whites vote, the whites will split. Eliminating the race question from the political problem will result in a rapid upbuilding of Republicanism in those commonwealths.

* * *

The Navy and the West

The slowness of enlistments for the Navy, reported by recruiting officers in the West, need surprise no one. In the first place the country is in an exceptionally prosperous condition and physically fit men have little difficulty in earning the naval pay while enjoying some of the comforts of home. Secondly, in the navy there is no color line, as there is in the army, and whites and blacks inhabit the forecastle together. Thirdly the recent correspondence between Admiral Sampson and Gunner Morgan has had a discouraging effect upon those who have a hankering for blue water, under government pay. It is unquestionably more difficult for a mere able seaman to rise than it is for a ranker in our land forces. Albeit, I imagine that the naval lists will be filled without great trouble. There are always American youngsters in plenty willing to set aside considerations of pay and advancement for the sake of adventure.

* * *

A Commercialized South

THE rapid commercialization of the South has trenched its mark not only on the men but on the women. The soulful-eyed, tender, retiring Southern maid of twenty-five years ago exists now only in remote localities. The girl of to-day is less a housewife and piano-player and more an out-of-doors person. The various recondite forms of needle-work, in

which she was expert, have given place to the tennis-racquet or the golf-stick. She is healthier and more practical, less given to pastry and poesy. While it is admissible that she has lost some of the indefinable charm which once hung about her like a perfume, she has gained in broadness of view and ability to face the troubles of life. Men who were youths when the war between the States began, say bitterly that she has roughened; but to say she has strengthened would be the better word. The Southern girl of twenty-five years back was guarded sedulously and grew up in almost utter ignorance of the more broadly vigorous, active aspects and relations of life and was much like "the young person" in France. Now she knows as much as her Northern or Western sister of equal age and opportunities. In fact, she is growing to be like them in figure, in disposition and in manners. Not many years forward and there will be no "Southern girl" as distinguished in type and behavior from girls of our other sections. As the men change, their women will change with them. Perhaps it is better so—almost certainly it is better so—yet one dislikes the spot on the sun-kissed side of the peach from which the soft bloom has been brushed.

•••

Wells' Victory's Significance

MR. ROLLA WELLS was handsomely elected Mayor of St. Louis last Tuesday. The whole ticket was, likewise, triumphant. The victory marks an end of Ziegenheinism, locally, and the beginning of the end of Free Silverism and the reuniting of the Democracy, nationally. The cry of fraud is rot. The people revolted against ignorant and corrupt and uncouth Republicanism, against dictation in our affairs from Lincoln, Nebraska. Mr. Meriwether's municipal ownership candidacy smashed the candidacy of Mr. Parker, the Republican. Then the people wanted, for Mayor of a new St. Louis, a young, progressive man. The young men turned out for Mr. Wells. That young men's organization, the Jefferson Club, stood firmly by him. Young men like David R. Francis and George J. Tansey and Thomas C. Hennings and E. A. Noonan Jr. were leaders in the fight. They made a clean fight. They urged nothing but good government. They made no appeal to the passion for spoils or to class prejudice. Conspicuously effective and brilliant were the services of Mr. Hawes, another young man, not only on the field but in the councils. But back of all was the exhibition of character by Mr. Rolla Wells. He continually proclaimed his freedom from pledges. He had but one promise to make—to do his best. He never criticized his opponent. He did not truckle to any element. He never apologized for being a gold-bug, and voting for McKinley. He never lost his temper, and never said too much or too little. His professions were moderate and his demeanor modest. All these things told in his favor, as evidences of a character that will make him an efficient, energetic and popular Chief Magistrate of the fourth city in the Union. His triumph is of National importance. It shows Missouri repudiating Populism in the face of the obsecrations and adjurations of the Master Populist, of Nebraska, and, as the leading Democratic State, showing the way out of, as it led the way into, Populism. Not wholly improbably this victory for Rolla Wells may make David R. Francis the next Democratic nominee for President. Mr. Wells' victory means that the days of demagogic Democracy are done.

•••

'Raus Mit Em!

IN a short time there will be no need, as in the past, for signs in the offices at the St. Louis City Hall: "English spoken here."

•••

Diaz's Health

RELIEF was experienced in many quarters when the wires bore to us the contradiction of the stories of the insanity and serious illness of Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. Diaz is one of the men who could now least be

spared. Diaz is the salvation of Mexico, commercialist though he be. He has had the tact to handle all the revolutionists, even if he had to let them in on concessions and schemes. Diaz has been a business man and a dictator ever since he took office and his death would probably result in the outbreak of a series of revolutions led by men who have learned through association with Diaz how to manage affairs, and they would be very dangerous to the prosperity of Mexico and to American interests there. If anything should happen to Diaz before he completes arrangements for the succession we should soon see the beginnings of a party in this country having for its object the acquisition of Mexico. Expansionists are far from satisfied with the expanding we have done in the last two or three years, and they want both Mexico and Canada. There are men in this country to-day who do not hesitate to say that we should take Mexico and to prophesy that our taking it will be the only way to keep it peaceful and prosperous after the departure of a strong man like Diaz. The annexation of Mexico is a project fully as vital as the annexation of Canada, though we hear very little about it, but in Mexico itself, fear of annexation to this country is always a skeleton at the feast for some of the more clerical-minded politicians. The Mexicans generally had quite a qualm when we went to war with Spain and took Cuba, and if once the Republic fell into disorder through the withdrawal of Diaz' personality the cry of "on to Mexico" would be as general and compelling as it was in the days of Houston and Crockett and Bowie and Fannin.

•••

The Mirror and the Municipal Campaign

THE municipal campaign came to a close with not less than three daily papers raucously endeavoring to nullify the MIRROR'S argument in behalf of Mr. Wells, while a fourth reproduced the argument in a three column "ad" just prior to its own declaration for Mr. Wells. The MIRROR carefully reasoned out the situation from a time at least a year back and showed how, notwithstanding all that might be urged against the Democrats, it was the course of safety and common sense to elect the Democratic ticket. The effect of the series of articles culminating in the one in the last issue was felt throughout the city. The Democratic managers republished the concluding article in the *Post-Dispatch* and all the Republican papers immediately reproduced seemingly contradictory fragments from preceding articles in the seven-weeks development of the non-partisan study of the situation that inevitably led to the support of Mr. Wells. Not often does the MIRROR "toot its own horn," but it may say now, in all modesty, that if it had not been for the MIRROR there never would have been any concession made to the independents by either party machine, there never would have been early conventions, there never would have been decent candidates like Wells and Parker and we should not have, as we shall have, in a few days, a city administration of which we need not be ashamed. This paper crystallized the reform sentiment of the town and compelled the recognition of the decent elements. This paper, in fact, has been the origin and inspiration and salvation of the whole "new St. Louis" movement, accomplishing its purposes by telling, sometimes, disagreeable truths. The MIRROR has faced the facts and admitted them squarely, at all times. It thereby awakened the people to action, and it was only after popular sentiment, responding to the MIRROR'S presentation of the city's sorry plight, had become aroused to the necessity of a civic renaissance, that the great dailies fell into line and began printing adulterated and diluted extracts from the MIRROR'S multifarious appeals to civic pride. The men who gave effect to the MIRROR'S demonstration, who took the matter from the domain of logic to the realm of action are deserving of all praise. It was Mr. James Campbell who found the way to reform. It was he who united the Democratic party against Ziegenheinism, bringing together the gold bugs and the silverites, the Mugwumps and the Indians, the Judson-Blair-Kent-McPheeters-Rombauer independents and the Hawes-Swift-Butler practical politicians. Mr.

Campbell, as the associate of both reformers and practical politicians, managed the unification of the party, locally, managed it solely on the plan of getting all the factions and all the real leaders together on a good government platform, without any material concessions to the spoils idea. No one man in St. Louis has done a greater work for the city. Mr. David R. Francis and his associates secured the appropriation for the World's Fair at Washington, but Mr. Campbell devised the method whereby the rehabilitation of St. Louis for the Fair and the money necessary to that task were taken from the hands of the clowns and crooks and committed to the control of a man in whom the public repose all confidence. The result was not achieved altogether in the way the MIRROR originally proposed, but the methods finally adopted were modifications of the MIRROR'S programme and those methods have elected to the Mayoralty a man as nearly independent of machine dictation as could be found in the city.

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The Smart Set

THE smart set seems to be more numerous than those originally so designated ever dreamed or hoped they would be. When a publication calling itself the *Smart Set* booms into a foremost commanding position in magazinedom solely by catering to that "set," solely by showing the way literally to conjugate the verb "to amuse" in many old, new, living and dead languages, our smart people must be the "smartest ever," and there must be a great many of them. Here is a magazine that absolutely eschews opinions. It pays absolutely no attention to the things that worry the world. It doesn't care for the partition of China, for the capture of Aguinaldo, for the success of political parties. No serious line can break into its pages. It will print little tragic tales occasionally, but they are always located in a region where such things never get beyond the stage of existing in the imagination. The *Smart Set* only aims to amuse. It is published for people who are so fashionable and cultured that they cannot, ordinarily, amuse themselves, but must be amused. And as everybody, almost, wants to be considered as belonging to that class of elegant and slightly ennuie folks, and thinks to advertise such belonging in some way, it is natural that the easiest way to impress upon the vulgar mob your smart superiority is to read the *Smart Set*. Therefore, that magazine's circulation is phenomenal. And notwithstanding the suspicion that a periodical so conceived must be written mainly by parasitical Alciphrons, the contrary is true. The *Smart Set* is fairly representative of the smart set. We find Mrs. William Allen, one of the Gothamite *Its*, writing for this periodical her clever "Love Letters of a Liar." The Misses Duer take their pens in hands and regale us with truly sparkling verse or prose. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Conger writes actual literature, and Mrs. Sherwood contributes delectable reminiscences, while Edgar Saltus writes like Whistler talks, and Mrs. Poultny Bigelow does a story that is worth while. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor and Reginald de Koven have written for it. All these members of the smart set have been represented in the *Smart Set*. So the magazine has the atmosphere of its name. It is an atmosphere of a cultured frivolity. It is an atmosphere that is hostile to anything that provokes seriousness. The periodical speaks the soul, or what passes for the soul, of the new American aristocracy. It is not a great soul. In fact, now and then, it speaks "a slim, gilt soul," but none the less it represents an attempt at art that must command attention. It is artistry frankly for pleasure. It is interesting, inasmuch as it shows us intellectuality working in fashionable people. It is interesting as an amusement and as a psychological revelation. Reading the *Smart Set* you get into the mind of the people by and to whom it is written. You get to seeing their lives reflected in their fancies and dreams; and if you know anything of the past you may be as much terrified as amused by what you see, for there's something ominous looming behind the mere dalliance with delight. I would not say that the *Smart Set* literature is of the sort that makes one hopeful. But it is a true reflection of the heart and

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soul—if either exist—of the smart set. It is brilliant. It is, as it professes to be, amusing. It is, above all things else, successful. And yet—well—if you will read the *Smart Set* in the right way it may be that you will find in its strange quality of gaiety something to furnish food for deep thinking. The brilliancy and the esprit of it are fascinating, but no more so than the almost subconscious suggestion that here again are people, just as of old, conjugating the verb "to amuse" in all tenses—except the future, and the future is—the Deluge. The *Smart Set* is an important historic, social, human document, and even serious people will find exercise for their serious faculties in its very elaborate, conscious and successful amusingness.

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Unkind Mr. Choate

IT was distinctly unkind in Mr. Choate to refuse to accept the Attorney-Generalship and thus make room for Mr. Whitelaw Reid as Minister at the Court of St. James. However, taking the past as evidence, it may be said that Mr. Reid is not despairing. He has merely relaid his wires and is pulling them with all of the weight of his shadowy person. It is Byron who says that there never yet was human power that could evade the patient search and vigil long of him who yearns for some particular job, and Mr. Reid has been upon the trail of an important foreign mission since Father-in-Law D. O. Mills kindly kicked the biggest of the boulders from his life's pathway. We may look for him to land before the expiration of the President's second term.

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A Big Strike Coming

THERE are signs and symptoms of enormous labor troubles in this country within the next six or seven weeks, say about May 20th. There is unrest in all the Unions. All present particular differences with employers are being surlily tolerated until some signal is given, when there will be a general demand for a general increase of wages or reduction in hours of work, or both. The Unions have an understanding that the spring will be one of a lively business movement and they purpose to obtain their demands before they will allow the movement to move. No labor organization, it is said, will be unrepresented in the big notification of a determination to get better wages or block all work. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, all the cities are slumbering on this same volcano. The volcano is likely to erupt in this city, because of the World's Fair project. The workingmen think that they ought to get the very best pay, when the money for the Fair comes from the people. They will find few people disagreeing with them on that proposition, though there may be some disagreement with other demands which may be mixed up with the question of wages. St. Louis has had enough strike to last it for forty years. Let us try arbitration before the strike and not wait until each side is so mad that arbitration is out of the question. The MIRROR thinks it would be a good plan for employers and employees to get together now and try to avert trouble. The public does not want to suffer as it suffered last year, as it always suffers from a strike. The public interest is superior to those of employers and employees. The employers know the strike is coming. It is their duty to avert it, if they can with honor and justice. It is to be hoped that Labor has not its heart so set upon a strike that it must have one regardless of concessions from the other side. The public should know this situation and the MIRROR, speaking for the public, serves notice to both sides that private war will not be tolerated to the detriment of public peace.

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Illiberal Liberals

AMERICAN radicals are hard to please. They are protesting against Mr. Carnegie's founding of libraries. They say that it is insulting alms-giving. They don't believe in any philanthropy that is not according to their plan of philanthropy. The only sort of benevolence they approve is the sort that they want to have control of. They cry for education, yet they sneer at it when it is offered by a Carnegie or a Rockefeller. They want wealth to be owned

by the people, yet when a wealthy man gives his money back to the people, they would sully the fine deed by their foul suspicions of its motive. It seems that the radicals are firmly convinced that they are the people and the money should go to them. The craze for the regulation of other people's affairs has reached a stage at which the radical reformers are no longer content with preventing people from doing evil, but want to put people under regulation even in the doing of good deeds. They don't want a man to make money. They won't allow him to devote it to good uses after he has made it. And this attitude they assume in the name of Liberty! Lord save us from these ridiculous, fanatical, illiberal, tyrannical Liberals.

Uncle Fuller.

IN THE MATTER OF MASKS.

MANNERS AND LITERATURE.

VENICE, one time of Carnival, put on the characters and colors of Balzac's "Human Comedy." New Orleans, in the first year of the twentieth century, took the inspiration for the protean pageant of its Mardi Gras from Marie Corelli's "Ardath." The gulfs of taste that lie between those two Carnivals would take at least a book to bridge. On the one hand were the masks of the true art; on the other, the gauds of mere theatricalism. It may seem strange if, after deplored what might be called excess of mere mummary, I declare that, in our American life and literature, there is too little of the mask, too much of the hatefully obvious and ugly. Yet this is true, no less of the New Orleans Carnival than of our young cent ^{yy}'s letters.

The masking that we see in our one town still touched by gay Latinity is, I assert, but a poor thing. Each year, moreover, finds a gradual lessening in the number and courage of the masqueraders. I can fancy nothing more lamentable than a continuance of this disinclination to mask. The world, as it is, is far too much with us for us to grudge a week or a day to a world as we would paint it. The amateur of beauty in life must surely have observed the distressing monotone of the human aggregate; the persistent average of ugliness that marks the crowd of faces; the somber flatness of tint that leaves the costume of the living mass undistinguished and undistinguishable. With what relief should not the thorough artist in life take to the opportunities that Mardi Gras in New Orleans affords? What joy to put off for the day the gaunt facial kinship to one's neighbors, to assume some glowing, unmistakable extravagance of physiognomy, some exaggerated expression of one's real soul! New Orleans lingers as the stronghold of the Latin spirit left on these Puritan shores; every effort must be made to stem the tide of Anglo-Saxon philistinism. The Carnival must not be allowed to become a mere chance for children to gambol. All men and women must join in rehabilitating the majesty of the mask. The foundations of the joyous festival still remain. The public pageants grow each year in gorgeousness, the while the public, general masquerading lessens. It is the general habit of the mask for street-wear that must be revived. There must again be real reason for that quaint watch-word that still greets one, as one passes through the streets of Bourbon and St. Louis and Carondelet and Royal, that gay challenge of, "Oh, I know you!" with an inimitably roguish and penetrating accent on the "you." For the imitating of a tawdry theatricalism the masters of our Carnival pageant must substitute something more akin to genuine fairy-land; for the half-hearted masquerading by a few hardy natives, the population of New Orleans during Carnival week, strangers as well as natives, must revive the good old custom of general masquerade. To call the Carnival of New Orleans "our carnival" is nothing more than just; for the continent at large realises the ancient spirit of Carnival nowhere else, looks for it nowhere else, and travels to no other spot to find it. Other cities have their public pageants; but the intangible air that the Latin residue gives to the New Orleans celebration is not equaled anywhere else.

One need be concerned ever so slightly with all that makes for the beautiful in life and literature to appreciate the value of masks. To career about the streets astride an imaginary broomstick, with blackened face, as New Orleans now too often does, is not to masquerade. The

mask, properly applied, should be a symbol of the soul. Just as the dandy may express himself by means of costume, so can the hidden spirit, too long cloaked by the mobile uglinesses of the human face, display itself at last in an appropriate mask. How absurd are some of the assimilations of Nature! Here we find a burglar with the face of a divine; here a madonna with the visage of a vixen. The anarchist often has the face of the conventionalized clergyman; and the poet appears, by a dreadful irony, in the visual image of a banker. It is only on the stage that any effort is made to restrict the vagaries and paradox of nature. There the villain has his proper label; to confuse him with the hero you must have been brought up exclusively on a diet of nature's personages. The theatre's mummeries, however, err from what appears to me the true artistic mean just as inexcusably as does nature. It is only in the popular masking at time of Carnival that the finest flights of this pastime of the soul are possible. With the intelligent preparation and careful artifice that so fine an occasion should induce, the Louisiana metropolis might easily become an actual, stimulating temple of beautiful expression. The faces that we had known all through the year as sodden, sad and selfish, would shine, perhaps, gloriously masked in the hidden aspirations, the secret dreams, of souls too quenched by the material needs of modern life. Few, I hope, will pretend that such masking as this would not be preferable to the obtrusion of monotonous human ugliness that now marks both our work-a-day, and our holiday-making crowds.

If we have, then, not enough of the mask in one respect, how much more is not the mask a necessity in our literature? In that part of our literature that we call fiction, a part hourly encroaching on the other provinces, we may see the same monotone of ugliness that I have deplored in the public countenance. Our output of novels is tremendous; it is only equaled by its barrenness in all that makes for distinction. The printing-presses flood us with books; the populace flocks to purchase; one might argue that the age of culture were here, glowing and gladdening. But the flood of novels is a flood of as muddy a monochrome as a spring freshet on the Mississippi; there is a vast deal of writing, of criticising, and of reading, but the artistic total reached is pitifully tiny. We are deluged in facts; fancy is to seek. A sale in six figures is become an average fact; a memorably beautiful phrase is more than ever an exception. Our novels of the day, as it is become the shibboleth to call them, are written exactly in the language of the man in the street; here is the secret of our artistic failure. It is all on the plane of the average intellect; it is not even redeemed anywhere by what Professor Peck has so happily termed the "little touches" that argue enlightenment active and passive. Of the novels that sell a thousand a day or a week, at this dawning of the Twentieth Century, there is scarce one of which the Man in the Street cannot declare that it is all exactly as if he had written it himself. Which, with one type of realist, will appear the highest possible praise; but which actually results in the public's renunciation of all its old reverence for the art of letters, in the constant cheapening of a general half-culture, and in an eventual dispersion of all the shades and charms of our language.

Books written in language that all are capable of, without anything of either reticence or refinement, add nothing to our artistic advancement. Truth to nature, realism, near appeal to the general human heart,—none of these will save a book that is keyed down to the vulgar tongue. At any rate, no such book, even if it survive, can ever be said to have enriched the art of writing, to have brought a nation higher to an ideal. I deny our present age nothing of vigor, of fecundity. My table totters under the weight of novels in celebration of persons, places and periods indubitably American; my eyes tire from observing the speed with which the public buys and discusses those novels, yet I retort that it is all quite expressionless, that there is no style in any of it, that it might be served up for us in the newspaper reports, that it is of such a tenor that all may understand, and that none of it is worth understanding. Not in any dozen of the popular American novels of the time can you show me a genuine sense of style. Worn restraints invariably irritate the sensitive; and since nothing is more irritating than the absurd monition as to what one shall say of the dead, the only citation I shall make is from an author but lately dead, and incapable, therefore, of manifest improvement. The others—who knows—may yet de-

velop conscience in their relation to the art of letters; they may yet strive to write literature and not bargain-stuff. Here is a sentence, then, from a novel, published only the other month, signed by one now, alas, incorrigible:

"He was wholly unprepared for this interrogatory, albeit he was not unaware of her impulse and its source." (Rosalynde's Lovers—Chap. X.)

Can one imagine a more distressing specimen of what we know as schoolmaster's English, but that might more fitly be termed the English of one just out of school. Not for worlds would the author have said "he did not expect this question;" where oppressive Latin syllables were possible no plain Saxon would serve. This is exactly the habit of the negro, proud of newly acquired words; of the common intelligence striving to impress its peer with something uncommon. Was it any wonder that the same author, in a volume of criticism, discussing "The Ethics of Literary Art" called *Daisy Miller* "tinsel vulgarity," and *Tess* "sainted debauchery?"

Mere decency demands that a mask be put upon this appalling exposition of our average culture. It is not the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the average that we should dread. Our age is terribly oppressed by an extension of an average culture; a culture that is to real culture as is the *demi-monde* to the real world of fashion. Where an average is not of the highest, any extension of it makes for arrested intellectual development. The rabid Philistine is not nearly so dangerous to art as is the undiscriminating young woman whom the pictures of Mr. Gibson have bred in appalling profusion throughout our patient land. This young woman is intellectually a mere echo; she calls every "popular" novel "perfectly elegant," and talks of it as familiarly as if it were her grandmother. The fact that these books are written in language that calls for no iota of thought appeals irresistibly to these charming but heedless people. Imagining they are "so fond of books and reading" they are actually debasing the true coin of literature measurably.

A certain type of critic will observe that all this present flood of American historical novels is eminently laudable as true realism. They hold the mirror up to nature, they bring back a period, and so on. Yes, realism is a mirror that reminds us how ugly we are. Masks give us an opportunity to reveal the beauties nature has conspired to hide. The true artist must masquerade. This masquerade has not always been called so; preciosity has been the more usual term. Preciosity! I can see the clumsy weapons of the average American reviewer coming out of their musty scabbards at sight and thought of that word. Preciosity, they will tell you, and have always been avid to tell whomsoever would listen, is the bane of vitality and vigor. Have these gentlemen never seen the gardeners clipping their hedges in spring-time? There can be such a thing as too rank a vigor, too great a danger of weeds choking the wished-for crop. The pruning-knife of preciosity must be applied to our literature. Our language is not so rich that it will not benefit by weeding. Preciosity is the artist's fairest mask; it is the complete expression of himself. He ceases to be merely a mouthpiece of and for the common intelligence. Preciosity, in the past, has had its ups and downs. Invariably preciosity has been the successor to, and the savior of, times of almost universal half-culture.

Often enough the superficial affectations of preciosity have been fit for ridicule; yet, Moliere's satire was no more apt than would be a similar lampoon upon the absurd little *précieuses* whom, but now, I mentioned as calling all literature "perfectly elegant." Preciosity has nowhere been truly ridiculous save when it has been the preciosity of the under-educated and the provincial. The precious, however odious they may seem to the indolent eyes of such as are content with an easy mean of intelligence, stand for invention, for individuality, and for non-conformity. What is extravagant in preciosity will not survive; what is pedantic will disappear in the maw of the culture-devouring provincial, and so lose whatever of singular value it ever had. There remain the fanciful and aristocratic qualities. Affectations though they may seem, these are the things in preciosity that must lift our American literature from its present low average. Preciosity must push into our arena, now crowded with all that is common, commonly expressed, a stylist. And that stylist may outlive some of his contemporaries. Martin Tupper is cue for a smile; Browning, Swinburne, Meredith, Pater still have their lease of life.

The public must be weaned from the fetish of mere cir-

culation. Novels have put themselves exactly upon the plane of the newspapers. Not only is their circulation advertised similarly; their language is also quite the same. Nothing but a common-school education and an accurate ear for the vulgar speech are necessary to write one of our popular novels. All of this stripe of novelists write alike. The artist ever tries to write differently. If Fate has given him a visible and audible cloak that makes him akin to all humanity, he does what he can to correct the insult; he puts up the mask. That ours is an age of prose is proven sharply by our newspapers. Even they are written alike; in a language that is horribly of a sameness. Only a revival of weekly journalism can bring back a Greeley, a Raymond, a Prentiss, a Pixley, a Bierce, into our American feuilleton. Journalism is content with the easy and the common phrase; preciosity exhausts the nuances of our vocabulary. The normal, as a national attribute, degenerates into the immobile. Revolutionists more often advance than upset the scheme of things as they are. The revolutionists in our case must be artists in preciosity.

Rather than descend to the vulgar level of our prevailing literary expression, the true artist will take to the digging of ditches. These, at least, he can dig—and, indeed, is comically likely to—with quite an individual style. But, truly, in our literature the monotone of average expression is distressing. To ask one of the precious to descend to it is as if a euphuist, a person of taste, refinement and a sense of beauty, were to eschew his proper speech and jabber New England with the Down Easters, cracker with the Crackers, and creole with the Creoles. Originally euphuism was but an exuberance in a newly realized sense of our tongue's richness. Shakespeare is the great euphuist of all time. Euphuism and reticence are the parts of preciosity that we most need. Both are artistic masks. The tropic splendor with which euphuism embroiders language is as a painted, chromatic mask; the somber tints of our average tongue need this, no less than our half-culture's flights into school-master's English need the restraint of reticence. Walter Pater, it has been contended, was not strictly a discipline of preciosity. On the other hand, I think he is the most perfect master of that art in our tongue; both his euphuism and his reticence were admirable. The qualities of mere affectation in preciosity do not really belong to it at all; these are attributes that preciosity's enemies agree to force into its skin. Pedantry and profusion are both to be avoided; I interpret preciosity more narrowly. It has, for me, reticence, music and simplicity. Behind it is a conscience that feels a tremendous debt to art; a sense of responsibility toward the language; and aversion to meet the public for the mere public's sake; a revulsion against the cheapening of all the mental materials with which men write. A poet of my acquaintance, a true follower of the Muse, who lately re-arranged the fabled phrase of Mr. Vanderbilt to the tune of "and let the Age be damned," once avowed to me that, were he able, he would write in another language. That was his somewhat excessive expression against the odiousness of pen and ink's abuse by the half-cultured. Certainly our present literary conditions cry out against the absolute absence of style; we need men like Robert Louis Stevenson to turn our sordid realities into something fantastic and fair.

The critic or the amateur of letters who can find an ounce of style in any random dozen of current, popular, American novels is either much to be congratulated or much to be pitied. We have been sacrificing everything to story and scenery. Language has counted for nothing. The nearer a novelist has written to the average tongue, the more extraordinary epithets have been flung at him by the professional flatterers who now represent American criticism at the normal. As a result all our writing is as commonplace as the conversation on a Broadway car. The only approach to triumphs in style have been made by such men as Walter Pater, Maurice Hewlett, Henry Harland and Henry James. Not one of these is strictly an American. The very fact that Mr. James, himself once an American, has quite lately been closely imitated by another American, not of his own sex, is only proof of my contention that originality in style in America has been choked by the riotous growth of writing down to the public, instead of up to the art of writing. Did not Robert Stevenson himself, on the score of the prose of an American writer, whom the Gibson type of female would have us take as something of a stylist, gently and somewhat sadly urge that young man to beware of careless writing?

If you asked me to name you American writers with any claim to the possession of a style you would get no popular novelist in your answer. I do not say that style is everything. That were absurd. But I do insist that as a corrective for the opulent banality of our written English it becomes imperative. The American reader must come to realize that men who make of English literature an art—men like Lafcadio Hearn, like Ambrose Bierce, like C. F. Lummis, like C. W. Stoddard—deserve at least some of the encouragement that is being heaped upon men who, for all their language shows, are in the business of writing just as the commercial traveler is in the business of talking; to sell goods. Into the vastitude of our half-culture, a plane of intelligence just as amusing as Mr. James L. Ford's picture of *Etiquette in Harlem*, there must come a refinement and sharpening of taste that only appreciation of and communion with preciosity can bring.

To resent preciosity merely because it is preciosity is as illogical as to say that the bald must never wear wigs. Our literature grows diffuse and ugly; the recklessness with which it is feasting upon its magnificent opportunities has seamed and scarred its face; the hard, stale, vulgar look that all common weaknesses breed is indelibly stamped on its countenance. There is crying need for the mask I have suggested. Beneath the splendid reticence, the majestic selectiveness of that mask American Literature can find quiet and calm; can gather force for a work of art, here and there, to outlive all our present generation of "popular novels." Above all, our literature needs the mask to keep it from too slavish repetition of life. To copy life leaves little for the artist's expression of self; the mask is just for that; it mirrors his soul, not his face.

When Carnival comes again there will be, I pray, more of the mask both in our life and in our letters. For the ugliness of our faces and our fictions would be, in infinite contemplation, a terror to which death were a jest.

Percival Pollard

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

AN UNIQUE BOOK OF SCIENCE AND FAITH.

THAT large and increasing class whose mental aliveness cannot accept religious dogmatism, but must have its doctrinal pabulum pre-digested, as it were, is responsible, no doubt, for the pious novel and the religious story. It is notable that there are thousands of people whose theological library, nay their *alma mater*, consists of "Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," "The Sign of the Cross," and that from these books and the dramatic versions of them almost all their knowledge of Christianity is derived. Religion, like art, is long, and the average man is a hustler. So he is content to take his knowledge of Christian theology as he takes his meals, with a rush at the lunch-counter of religious novels and plays. To meet the demand for pre-digested religion the writers of this kind of literature are growing more adventurous at every turn. There is no censorship in this land of the free so that the man or woman who "has the price" can publish books calculated to "make the hair uprise, and the life-blood colder run" of the orthodox. For instance, an adventurous writer at the National Capital recently printed a "romance," in which Mary Magdalene was supposed to be the affianced of Christ, and basing her love for the Saviour on His defense of her and His forgiveness of the sins of her early career. But this was withdrawn from publication, whether in deference to public opinion, or because it wasn't salable, has not transpired. But not all of the "good" novels are sacrilegious. Indeed that kind is the exception, and most of them proceed along strictly orthodox lines, and ought, therefore, to be considered of value in a day when pulpitiers claim that the doctrine of Omar Khayyam is making men heathen. One of the most ingenious of the latest batch of pious books is by Mr. Herbert D. Ward. It is entitled, "The Light of the World," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). The author has a pleasant, smooth style, reminding one of "Gates Ajar," as indeed it should, since he is the husband of the authoress of that famous story, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and has collaborated with her on "The Master of the Magicians" and "Come Forth." In his own behalf, his story of "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise" made him many admiring readers. "The Light of the World" has for its theme the strange experiences of the hero, Thomas

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Constant, after he was dead. He was in life a maker of telescopes, and at his death had just completed the largest objective lens ever made, up to that time. Having been a philosophic agnostic all his life he attains, through post-mortem experiences, to Christianity, that is to the extent of acknowledging Christ as "My Lord and my God," those convincing experiences being brought about through astronomical science.

Mr. Ward has a very ingenious plan and, one imagines, entirely original for proving the truth of the New Testament story of the life and death and the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. Indeed the plan may be utilized to prove all historical facts to be such. The only condition (and it is a necessary condition) is that the truth-seeker shall be de-materialized, divested entirely of his physical or corporeal personality—in a word, he must be dead. Then his spirit, "no more a tenant pent in mortal clay," soars among the stars and constellations. "Past him" (to quote Mr. Ward) "dark asteroids, the dust of exploded planets, sped in silent groups." The objective point of the spirit is to reach a place in the spacious firmament whence he can anticipate the arrival of rays of light from the earth. That is he goes so far away from the earth that he reaches a point at which he can just see the picture of any event of past time as if it were happening now, just as we lately saw the destruction of a star in Perseus though the event happened fifty years ago and the light thereof has taken all that time to reach us. It is the kinematograph of post-mortem life and, if it were feasible, would surely go far to "make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows."

For instance, *Constant* sees his own funeral procession leaving his house and reaching the cemetery. That is well enough. But a few days later he sees the same funeral with the same corpse, his name, *Thomas Constant*, on the silver coffin-plate. How is that?

It is simple enough. A high-school boy or girl could work it out as an exercise in elementary science. Light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles a second. If you wish to witness, say, the Battle of Waterloo, which occurred on a day in June, eighty-seven years ago, you multiply the above rate by the number of seconds of all those years and start for a planet so far away that you'll get there just in time to intercept the rays that emanated from Belgium on the day of Waterloo. If you calculate precisely, you can watch the bloody field and (perhaps) even hear "the Iron Duke" shout "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Mr. Ward's lens-maker actually saw the fall of Khartum, where poor Gordon was martyred (by old Gladstone's weak-kneed policy)—and saw the head of the gallant warrior on an Arab spear! The account of the affair is a clever bit of writing. Of course the corollary is "If Gordon—why not Jesus Christ?" It is merely a matter of anticipating rays of light by a spirit who (or, which?) can travel so fast that it can reach any given point "on the outskirts of what the world calls the stellar plane" in time to witness the event. By this means the lens-maker sees the raising of the Widow's Son at Nain as it occurs—and also sees the great events that happened on the first Good Friday and the first Easter. It was the risen Savior, whose death he had witnessed, who, when he had risen from the tomb, beckoned to *Constant*. "Him the maker of lenses followed without a question;" these concluding words of the book, indicate that the hero became a follower of Christ thereafter.

Such is a mere outline of the scheme of the book. Theologians will find it all askew, dogmatically. If there was anything but a fanciful basis for Mr. Ward's "Light of the World" of what use would the whole system of religion be? If we are to have such opportunities hereafter, as the late *Mr. Constant* had, we may as well take our ethics from Epictetus, Omar Khayyam or any other old Aryan. However, the theologians will not bother the people whose religious ideas are taken from story-books. And one can easily predict for "The Light of the World" a large sale. Indeed it is a book that is sure to have an astonishingly large sale. And it is interesting enough to deserve it. Without pretending to be critical, there is one point that Mr. Ward overlooked. When conviction of the truth of the divinity of Christ comes to *Thomas Constant* he quotes the words of the doubting Thomas, ("also called Didymus") Bible readers will recall that when Thomas was convinced that it was in truth his Master who had been killed and had risen he said: "My Lord and my God!" To Him the Christ replied: "Because thou hast seen believest thou? Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have be-

lieved!" Mr. Ward has not a word in behalf of the faith which, St. Paul says, is "the evidence of things not seen."

James Irving Crabbe.

PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

A PROSPECTIVE ABANDONMENT OF FREE TRADE POLICY.

AT the beginning of the twentieth century, Great Britain is confronted with the almost imperative necessity of returning to the protective system. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is greatly worried about his budget, and the proper method to be adopted to make both ends meet. The interminable struggle in South Africa, with its concomitant financial, commercial and industrial derangements, and rapidly increasing military and naval expenditures, has resulted in a fiscal deficit, in higher taxation, in exposing the weak points of the Bank of England, in the serious impairment of British financial and international prestige, in strengthening American and German competition, and last, but not least, in forcing the British Government into an abandonment of the free trade theories of Cobden and his school. The huge military and naval requirements have led to such oppressive taxation of the beer and distilling industries, and such an increase in the taxation of incomes, that discontent is growing apace, and the Salisbury government finds itself compelled to look for different means of raising more revenue.

According to current reports, it is now proposed to levy a duty on imported sugar. There are even hints of the imposition of a duty on imported grain and a few other articles and staples, but the start will probably be made with sugar, which is classed among the luxuries, although it has come to be a well-nigh indispensable part of the daily menu of every household in the United Kingdom. By levying a duty on imports of sugar, changed conditions will be brought home, in no unmistakable fashion, to every Englishman in every walk of life, and the return to a protective tariff system will be complete.

England has arrived at the parting of the ways. The days of "splendid isolation" are gone, to return no more; financial and commercial supremacy is being transferred across the Atlantic, where a powerful, populous and rich Republic is preparing to enter the lists and to wrest the golden scepter from proud Albion.

Lord Salisbury, that cynical philosopher among European statesmen, knows what he is talking about, when he exhorts his countrymen to become adepts in the use of arms and to prepare for trouble. England is no longer isolated; an invasion of the islands is not considered impossible, by any means, in view of the great changes in naval warfare. Some time ago, a well-known European military authority gravely discussed preparations for an invasion of Great Britain, and did not seem at all disposed to regard it as something improbable or absurd.

The British Government is fully realizing the critical state of affairs, and looks into the future with deep and but thinly-disguised apprehension. As matters now stand, there is a strong probability that universal conscription, so long abhorred by English freemen, will, sooner or later, have to be introduced. Compared with Germany, Russia and France, England is losing ground from year to year; even naval supremacy is endangered, and Parliament is almost frantically importuned to increase expenditures for new ships. A maintenance of naval supremacy means larger expenditures and more taxation, especially if accompanied by a complete reform in the military system. Where is the additional revenue to be obtained?

In the past two years, the Government has floated several new loans, the first one in the last few months of 1899, and even now there is talk of another addition to the national debt. It should be remembered that there had been no issuance of British consols for almost fifty years, the Government always finding itself in easy financial circumstances and even enabled to reduce the consolidated debt every year. Since the beginning of the Boer war, however, the national debt has been materially enlarged. The Chinese expedition is also a very expensive affair and threatens to involve the country in more and still graver complications, and it is, therefore, no wonder that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is at his wit's ends to devise ways and means to provide more revenue.

The inauguration of duties on imports will hardly conduce towards making the Salisbury government very popu-

lar, and may furnish the long-hoped-for opportunity to the opposition to return to power. But even the Liberals will be unable to change the tide of events. England is drifting towards protectionism, and, no matter whether the voters like it or not, free trade will have to be abandoned. At the same time, it may be appropriate to remark that, by a return to protection, England will acknowledge its weakness, and confirm the impression, entertained on the Continent of Europe and in this country, that its sun is setting. It is likely that the free trade system will be maintained between the mother country and the colonies, by the establishment of a *zollverein*, and that the imposition of protective duties will be levied only on goods from strictly foreign countries. It may be seriously doubted, however, whether this will perceptibly compensate England for the sacrifices to be made in connection with the abolition of free trade. The little benefit that might be derived by the agricultural classes from the levying of a duty on grain would be more than offset by the hardships imposed upon the industrial classes through the higher prices of the necessities of life and commodities generally.

Protection means either weakness or selfishness. Somebody defined a protective system, with brutal plainness, as "essentially an infantile and timid device of a class of men who are afraid of fair and open competition." In the case of England, a return to protection could not, as above demonstrated, mean anything else but an admission of weakness. For this reason, the imminent change in the fiscal policy of Great Britain would hardly be available as an efficient argument, for the advocates of protection in the United States. We know, and we need not mince words in saying, that protection in this country means robbing the people in the interest of monopolies, which, some years ago, used to be referred to as our weak, infant industries, and which are now startling the entire civilized world with the incorporation of billion-dollar concerns, and the payment of fat dividends on outrageously watered stock.

Strange to say, while England is about to abandon free trade, under which it has flourished and prospered for so many years, there is a disposition among American Republicans, or the better class of them, to remove the duties on articles which are being monopolized by trusts and combines. The *New York Times* printed, the other day, some utterances of Mr. W. H. H. Miller and Judge Harmon, the first of whom was Attorney General of the United States under President Harrison, while the second held a similar appointment under President Cleveland. Judge Harmon declared that the "United States is too strong and too powerful, commercially, to erect a barrier against the world. For the good of its own people, it should throw open its markets to the world." He advocated not merely the repeal of a few sections of the Dingley tariff act, but the whole of it. As he is a Democrat, however, the statement of Mr. Miller is more interesting and significant, because of that gentleman's former close relations with Mr. Harrison, professionally and personally, and because he shared the extreme protectionist feeling that prevailed at the time of the passage of the McKinley tariff. When a member of the administration that not only approved, but pressed with all its influence, the most fanatical and most mercenary tariff America has ever had can declare that the injustice in the action of trusts "is due, entirely, to the tariff that prohibits foreign manufacturers from entering our markets," it is clear, as the *New York paper* puts it, that protectionism is seriously undermined. Identical expressions come from other prominent individuals associated with the Republican party. The vigorous opposition which Mr. Hanna *et al.* recently encountered in their efforts to pass the infamous ship subsidy bill, even from the ranks of the Republican members of Congress, was another sign of the times that should not escape attention.

If England puts heavy duties on manufactured articles, Americans and Germans will suffer the most. It seems, however, that America is now looked upon as a more dangerous competitor than Germany, and it would, therefore, not be surprising to see Great Britain enter into a tariff alliance with the nations of the Continent in order to be the better able to resist the encroachments of Americans. In reference to this matter, a British authority is quoted as follows: "Congressmen, it appears, have convinced themselves that England will impose heavy duties on all American commodities. The belief is probably baseless, but there are other nations which will not hesitate to fight Yankee aggressiveness with its own unfair weapons, and it

would make a tremendous difference to the volume of American trade, if they were forced to do so. After all, the world does not exist for the sole and especial benefit of a group of American combines, and if the world (leaving the United Kingdom out of consideration for the time being) chooses to get out of the way of the Carnegies and the Morgans and the Rockefellers, because they or their satellites shout warnings, it is not in the least to be blamed, but rather commended. We have never objected to fair competition, and we take it that Germany, France, Russia and the others do not object, but they have their industrial future to look after, and small blame to them if they decline to allow America to give itself all the trump cards. The threatened imposition by Russia of high duties on American iron and steel goods, as a return for a countervailing tax on Russian sugar, serves as an interesting lesson to the Americans that there are countries indisposed to let them have matters all their own way."

The present inclination of the British government to return to protectionism should not be considered, particularly among the intelligent classes of American voters, as a demonstration of the advantages and economical necessity of that system, but, for all that, it will, undoubtedly, be used with some effect as a staple argument, in future elections, in favor of the Republican party's policies and *raison d'être*. For this reason, the present trend of affairs in England has more than usual interest for the people of the United States, and is entitled to the vigilant attention of Democratic leaders.

Francis A. Huter.



THE HARPSICHORD.

(Translated from the French of Henri Lavedan, for the MIRROR by A. Lenalie.

I STILL recall it as it stood in the great salon at Grandbourg where I passed my school vacations; the hospitable mansion was built on the banks of the Seine, opposite Soisy-sous-Etoiles, the long garden, with rows of parallel hedges sloping to the water's edge,—carefully laid out and terraced by a prominent landscape-gardener; with, here, a grotto, the interior pearl-encrusted with shells or, there, an observatory with stained-glass windows breaking the harmonious regularity of the parterres:—an autumn paradise, where, with its young, brown Eve—who was my cousin Marthe, and who was already destined as the arbiter of the apple in my future Eden,—I filched grapes from the trellises.

I remember that it was placed near a large window whose silken hanging had assumed that delightfully faded hue, softened by age, which so well harmonized with the antique furniture whose worn condition the covers but partially concealed—this harpsichord, that no one had opened since the death of our Great-Aunt Paule, whose thin, white fingers, veined with blue to the very nails, had once painfully awakened the shrill tones of the old instrument with the sweet ancient cadences of Lulli or Rameau, rhythmically echoing her own capricious dreams, in memory, inclining a listening ear to the strains as though the breath of old-time avowals still whispered through the chords; truly adorable was this little, old gentlewoman, whose eyes reilluminated and who smiled vaguely at these invisible images of a Past, as if her dear ones had gathered about her to listen.

And when they bore her across the long garden to where the gate-way was hung with black, it seemed to Marthe and me that the harpsichord emitted a gentle, wailing sigh above all the slow funereal chanting. Ever since we had never dared to touch the keys,—moreover we had been forbidden so to do.



But a day came when we were in a mood to commit sacrilege, for we had both been punished and left to ourselves in the house, while the rest of the guests had departed, in two large drags, for the festival of Essonnes, much celebrated at this time for its gingerbread. Now after this retributive act, which seemed to us both disproportionate and unjust, no law was held sacred, and a savage mood of bitterness generated against our elders who had so maltreated us, and which could only find adequate expression through some deed of open insurrection.

Left to our own devices in the great empty house,—for even the servants had been given holiday,—we had but to choose the form of rebellion to be indulged in, and it was on the harpsichord that our profaning whim vented itself.

Having uncovered the key-board, with its yellow ivories, discolored and loosened like the teeth of a decrepit, old woman, and from which our united hands produced tones scarcely loud enough to startle a mouse, we proceeded to raise the cover of the instrument that we might increase the volume of sound, and so brought to light the rusty strings, some of which were broken, and jarred across the vibrations of the others. And as witness to our evil acts we had but the little, chubby cupid, with which the case of the old instrument was decorated, designed, probably, by some unknown disciple of Boucher.

The long window, with its silken hangings of a delightfully faded hue, was wide open near us, overlooking a large extent of flowering shrubs already gone to seed. How chanced a robin to cross this space? Probably in pursuit of some insect; however that may be, by some mistaken flight he came through the open window, filling our hearts with instinctive fear and remorse, as he beat his pretty brown wings against the walls and clung to the hangings in terror, failing to find his way out again. Neither I nor Marthe being possessed of the ordinarily cruel instincts of children, having been taught to love all animals, thought only to restore the poor bird his liberty, instead of planning to capture him.

Unfortunately, becoming more and more terrified, he clung to the ceiling now, the little, red breast-feathers palpitating like the flames of a torch agitated by the breeze, so Marthe conceived the idea of reaching and gently snaring him with a butterfly-net and then placing him outside in the garden without hurting him. With this intent we both ran to the hall in search of the net, but when we returned with it robin-redbreast, reassured by our absence, doubtless, had apparently returned by the open window to his former state of freedom, for in no angle of the wall or fold of the hangings could we discover him.

So, having closed the window, lest he be tempted to re-enter, we again turned our attention to the harpsichord, when, suddenly, the sound of wheels, coming up the driveway, warned us that the revellers were returning. Quickly covering the yellowed keys of the old instrument from sight and closing the top, from which arose a tiny drift of dust, seeming as the breath of the dainty cupids, that this unexpected movement had reanimated, we escaped from the room,—and barely in time, for a moment later, the great salon was filled with the toiletted guests, emanating an excess of gaiety, evidently intended to augment our regrets—and exhaling odors of gingerbread that evoked pangs of hunger—the hour being already late.

The sun, irradiating the window-panes with its fiery glow, was sinking behind Draveil, trailing long threads of reddened gold on the Seine, where the barges with their flower-decked cabins drifted slowly through the rosy mist.

Now, that night I was troubled with unrest. My cousin Marthe, of whom I was much enamored, had wounded my feelings on parting from me—so slight a thing it took, from her, to do this!—perhaps that she released her little hand from mine too quickly, or that her good-night accents contained less than their usual tenderness; at all events, I was most unhappy.

Sleep fleeing my eyelids, I left my room, and silently crept down stairs to the great salon, without a light, knowing that at this hour the place would be flooded with moonlight. And so it was, in fact, carpeting the floor with its broad, white beam, spread out like a fairy banquet-table, prepared for the mysterious repast of the elves who unclosed the corollas of the sleeping convolvulus, to drink therefrom. Here and there, on the curtains, or in the angles of the worn furniture, scattered rays, like splinters of silvered daylight, glanced flickeringly, in and out, while over the harpsichord softer beams seemed to linger caressingly.

But I had hardly entered, when I was seized with an unexpected, appalling emotion,—as nearly approaching terror as surprise,—that held me speechless, while my flesh crept till my hair stood on end. The harpsichord was played by unearthly fingers! No single melody was produced—but many airs seemed to cross and mingle, interrupting each other, the strings sobbing all their length, with a subtle gliding movement, unlike a harmony—a dolorous staccato rustling of the woodwork accompanying it, all these sounds blending, surcharging and diminishing, resembling oriental harmonies, the melodies beginning only to cease, as in our dreams we are tortured by them.

Well I knew we had closed the piano; besides, if some-

one were playing, the player would easily be visible by the clear moonlight. Then I must be haunted by the spirit of Aunt Paule—for we imagine spirits transparent at night—and we had, perhaps, grievously offended the dear, little, old lady by touching her harpsichord!

Sometimes the strange music ceased for awhile, and I gained a short respite—but never dared move from the place. I must be assured that it would not recommence before I could leave—and then, anew, came more distracted gratings, more dolorous murmurs, from the wood and a shriller shrieking of the strings, and I was irrevocably fastened to the spot. And not until morning, when the pink dawn chased the moonbeams from the salon, the sunrise seeming to cover the waters of the Seine with a trembling wave of mist, was the harpsichord silent—silent so long, at last, that I felt the spell broken.

When I related this to Marthe next day she crossed herself, and concluded, as did I, that the case was grave, and we should do well to confess to the good cure of Evry when he next came to dine at the house. It so happened that on that very day he appeared—and to make a request that surely bordered on fatality: the organ at his little church was undergoing repair, so he wished to see if Aunt Paule's harpsichord would not answer the purpose for accompanying vesper-service the next day. While he was stating his errand, Marthe and I regarded each other, fairly stupefied.

Permission to use the harpsichord as he wished was most cordially granted, but his attention was called to the fact that the instrument was in rather a hopeless state. The good man asked that he might be allowed to try it, and, opening it, started back in astonishment . . .

"Look here!" he called, excitedly . . .

Stretched out on the strings, a little, dead bird lay, with extended wings and stiffened body . . . a sight comprehended only by Marthe and myself. There, where he had hidden himself, while we searched for the butterfly-net, the unfortunate, little robin had been imprisoned finally, and it was his death-agony, in this echoing tomb, that I had listened to all the night!

And when, having removed him, they laid the little body on the sill of the long window where the wind fluttered his inert wings uselessly, I do not know why . . . but it somehow seemed to us that this was a second dying of Great-Aunt Paule and that invisible priests chanted solemnly in the great garden . . .



BALLADE OF DEAD HEROES.

IMITATED FROM VILLON.

W HERE are the doughty heroes gone
Who bore our arms so manfully
In righteous fray with Spanish Don,
For Freedom's cause most holily?
Alger, whose fame none can sully,
Clean-mouthed Eagan of fair renown,
Their deeds should live perpetually,
But where is last year's thistle-down?

Dewey, whose boom for President
Such mischance suffered, what of him?
Sampson, whose courtly presence lent
Strength to the conflict maritime,
(No laggard he on far sea-rim)
Quelling the foe with awful frown,
His valor surely naught can dim.
But where is last year's thistle-down?

Where is Shafter, encased in fat,
Who like the war-horse from afar
The battle scented? Where is that
Valiant knight in triumphal car,
Who kisses lavished near and far
On maidens brought from farm and town?
And Teddy bold, has waned his staff?
But where is last year's thistle down?



ENVOI.

Alas! that Memory knows them not—
Heroes, whom Glory once did crown.
Then so applauded, now forgot,—
But where is last year's thistle-down?

S. O. Howes

A BLUNDERFUL WAR.

AUTHORITATIVE BOOKS ON BRITISH BUNGLING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

ONE of the lessons to be learned from the war in South Africa, not only by the British, but by all other nations, is expressed in the axiom, "in time of peace prepare for war." One of the advantages England will gain from this otherwise costly and disastrous campaign will be this lesson of preparedness. Hitherto she has lived too much on the hand-to-mouth principles, and has begun her preparations for war after war has been declared. Yet she had the shining example of Germany, although she neglected to profit thereby, whose methodical, scientific, preparation of two or three years was one of the most important factors in the victory she achieved over France in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

Perhaps the most striking proof of this unpreparedness was in the utter failure of the Army Medical Service to properly care for the sick and wounded in South Africa. The failure in this case was, in part, the result of the system, the red-tapeism which afflicts every branch of the British government, imposing a Chinese wall of obstruction to common-sense reform, and was also due to the incompetency of members of the staff.

On this point Mr. A. G. Hales, the war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, says: "There are hundreds of men lying in unmarked graves in African soil to-day who ought to be alive and well, others who have been done to death by the crass ignorance, the appalling stupidity, the damnable conceit which will brook no teaching." And he adds this trenchant indictment: "For the men who fall in battle we can flush our tears with pride * * * there is an undercurrent of joy to know they fell as soldiers love to fall, face forward to the foe. But for those who die, as more than half of Briton's dead have died in this war, stricken by pestilence brought about by ignorance and indolence, we have only sorrow and tears and prayers, blended with hate and contempt for the triple-dyed dandies and dunces who robbed us of those who should have been alive to-day to be the bulwark of the Empire, the pride of the nation."

These are bitter words, and that the facts are not greatly, if at all, exaggerated, other evidence is furnished. Mr. Hales has been accused of being anti-English in sentiment, though he scorns the insinuation. In his book, "Campaign Pictures of the War," etc., which is a selection of the best of his letters to the *Daily News*, he has many warm notes of admiration for the Boers' leaders, the rank and file. This fact has, perhaps, caused the charge to be made. (Mr. Hales' book is published by the Cassell Company, Limited, London and New York—and should be read by all who have kept *en rapport* with the biography of the campaign). Hales has a rough-rider style of writing, an over-indulgence in hyperbole and extravagance of simile, with a proneness to essay fine writing, but otherwise his letters from the front are worth reading, especially by Americans, who will be reminded most strongly of the likeness of British bungling to our own mismanagement of the war with Spain.

The strongest indictment of the British Army Medical Corps, however, comes from the discussions of its shortcomings in Parliament last summer, consequent upon the report made by Mr. W. Burdett-Coutts, Member of Parliament for Westminster. This gentleman went on a self-appointed mission to the seat of war with the view of verifying the sinister rumors of mismanagement that even the military censorship had allowed to percolate into the press in England. He was commissioned as the special correspondent of *The Times* and his letters to that paper, tantamount to an official report, caused profound sensation. Mr. Burdett-Coutts' report was thorough and conscientious. Long identified with the Unionist and Conservative side of the House, he could not certainly be accused of treachery. He was neither Home Ruler nor Little Englander. Of course he was used by the extremists and the jingoists. He was charged with attacking the general in the field, of maligning the army doctor, nay, of insulting the British soldier. Having been an American he was charged with trying to offset the American "embalmed beef" scandal of which England had so much contemptuous criticism. So is it ever with honest reformers. Only the *mens concia recti* can help the man who attempts to instruct his own political party and thereby disturbs the *laissez faire* of

The Mirror

its most cherished institutions. If he succeeds, and the party has the grace of good sense to endorse his friendly criticism and to bring to pass the bettered condition, the reformer is in high fettle, he has made his mark and is always thereafter to be considered. But if his attempts fail, the gods help him—the deepest hole in the hell of contumely is only deep enough for the reformer whose reformation aborts.

In this instance the Parliamentary fight appears to have been a strenuous one. Mr. Burdett-Coutts has told the story of it in "The Sick and Wounded in South Africa," (Cassell & Co., publishers) which is a record of what he saw and said of them and of the British army medical system. Perhaps it is a subject which hardly comes under the purview of the average reader, but it is assuredly one in which all humanitarians are interested and especially in this Republic, where the citizen-soldiery and all that makes for their welfare are so closely scrutinized by the general public.

Those who know anything of the Procrustean fatuity of the British Conservative may easily imagine that the author must have had a protracted struggle to compel the inquiry into the causes of the medical deficiencies in the war. That he succeeded speaks volumes for the earnestness of the man not less than the importance of the subject.

"Article IX" was the letter to *The Times* which created most sensation. It was a description of conditions at the army hospital at Bloemfontein. An excerpt or two must suffice—though the interest demands much more—to vindicate the justice of the criticism of medical red-tape, neglect and inefficiency: "On that night" [April 28] "hundreds of men were lying in the worst stages of typhoid, with only a blanket and a thin waterproof sheet (not even the latter for many of them) between their aching bodies and the hard ground; with no milk and hardly any medicines; without beds, stretchers or mattresses; without pillows; without linen of any kind; without a single nurse among them; with only a few, ordinary, private soldiers to act as 'orderlies,' rough and utterly untrained to nursing and with only three doctors to attend to 350 patients." There was no excuse for this shocking condition, he says. The British had been in possession of Bloemfontain for more than six weeks, they had easy access to two seaports and "countless stores and equipments had been moved by railway" all that time for everybody, but those who needed them the most, the sick and wounded. No wonder that, as a result, there filed before him "the gloomy procession . . . bearing shapeless figures sewn up in blankets to unknown, crowded graves." And he asked "how many of these might to-day be strong men full of life, rejoicing in their near return to home and friends is a terrible speculation to those who consider the conditions.

Again, in the same letter, he says: "At Durban, Maritzburg, Mooi River, Ladysmith, there are 20,000 British soldiers, sick and wounded, not a man less, probably a few thousands more," quite an army in itself. The condition of these men, as described by Burdett-Coutts makes one blush for our poor humanity. At Bloemfontein "of the 316 patients half were typhoids . . . In many of these tents there were ten typhoid cases lying closely packed together, the dying against the convalescent, the man in his 'crisis' pressed against the man hastening to it. There was not room to sleep between them. Think of this, you who know what sort of nursing a typhoid patient requires! . . . The ground is hard as stone and at night the temperature falls to freezing. . . . The heat of these tents in the mid-day sun was overpowering, their odors sickening. Men lay with their faces covered with flies in black clusters, too weak to raise a hand to brush them off." Speaking of the lack of attendants or "orderlies," the writer says that at night there were not enough to prevent those in the delirious stage from getting up and wandering about the camp, half naked, in the bitter cold! "In one tent . . . a case of 'perforation' was groaning out his life huddled against his neighbor on the ground. Men had not only to see, but often to feel, others die."

And so Mr. Burdett-Coutts made his report of all this criminal neglect and the suffering it entailed on "the soldiers of the Queen." When he returned and made his verbal report in the House of Commons he was heroic. Balfour, the leader of the party with which he had been associated for fifteen years, fought him. Lord Roseberry opposed him. The General Lord Roberts, the nation's idol, opposed him. But the truth prevailed, the investigation

justified all that Burdett-Coutts had claimed and when the elections took place and those who "loved darkness rather than light" put up another Conservative for the Borough of Westminster the electors vindicated the author with the following verdict:

Burdett-Coutts (Conservative) 2715
Smith (") 439

A VISIT TO RODIN.

THE GREATEST LIVING SCULPTOR.

A MAN rather below the middle height, with incisive gray-blue eyes, a broad, curving, downward drooping nose, a shaggy beard, grey with gleams of red in it, and M. Rodin stands before you. His manner is courtesy itself as he takes you round and shows you the various works that are (or rather were) to be seen in the Exhibition Rodin and, unfortunately, were seen by too few. When he finds you are interested and explains in vigorous, picturesque language the sense and meaning of his great creations, you feel that you are in the presence of a man, who is not only an artist of supreme genius, but who is a poet and a philosopher as well. M. Rodin is the Wagner of sculpture. As Wagner endowed music with new capabilities and larger powers. In his hands the marble and bronze live, and live not with an anaemic, grudging, measured-out life, which is all that law, habit, and convention have left to the sleek, black-coated citizen of to-day, but with the full-blooded prodigal abounding force that was the characteristic of the earlier peoples of the world. Whether you like his work or not, it cannot leave you cold, and any sculpture but the best is too apt to leave you cold. It deals with materials that are too hard and rebellious for pygmies to handle, but when a master appears, how pliant and responsive they become!

In what school has M. Rodin trained his extraordinary powers? He tells you himself: in the school of nature, and he was led to nature by Michael Angelo. When he first wrought he was tied and bound by the small, stiff, formal ideas of that day. The study of Michael Angelo quite set him free from these, and under the influence of that incomparable master, his style broadened and strengthened, till he, too, began to produce masterpieces. His "Creation of Man"—the figure rising, as it were, out of the earth, his mother, to whom he is looking down in wonder and perplexity, and equipped by her with the vast physical force that she would bestow upon her first-born child—is evidently inspired by Michael Angelo. But though he began, he did not end with him. He had yet to learn from a still mightier master. Slowly, with infinite labor and unconquerable patience, he wrested from Nature, one by one, the secrets that the greatest artists alone can grasp, and in that school he is a learner still, with, as he says, ever-extending glimpses of an ever-extending knowledge, the limits of which no man can hope to reach. Here is one of his methods. He does not place his models in pre-arranged attitudes. He leaves them to move about freely, and in the easy, natural play of their limbs and muscles, he seizes many suggestions of great value. In his opinion beauty is not so rare as many people suppose. Sometimes it appears in the commonest objects, if you know how and where to look for it. And in any case Nature unconstrained has always a nobility of its own. Especially he delights to express the principle of dualism, which, whether it be of attraction or repulsion, underlies all nature. On my remarking this, he replied that "the most unintelligent man and woman, when they love or when they hate (and hate is, after all, only love reversed) take on something of splendor, as they feel nature about them." In these latter days it is but a wan and faded splendor, corresponding with the subdued tone of our passions and our garments.

I will endeavor to describe one or two of his works, which reveal the texture of his mind. A colossal hand, the hand of the Creator, is thrust out of a cloud and holds a clod of earth, out of which is formed a man and a woman. Their mission here, during the brief span of life allotted to them, is, according to Nature, merely to fulfil the first commandment given to man, "increase and multiply." Passionately they cling together in a loving embrace, know-

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Handsome Costumes of Silk Poplins, Crepe de Chines, Etamines, Aolean Crepe, Sicilians and Mousseline de Soie—every dress a work of art—Prices \$95.00, \$87.50, \$79.00, \$69.00, \$58.75, \$49.00, \$37.50, \$29.00, And Down to **\$18.75** Dress

Princess Skirts

They are the very latest thing out, and we're told that we alone have them in St. Louis. The demand has been great on them, still we have a most complete line for Easter Week—Prices \$35.00, \$29.75, \$25.00, \$21.50 and.... **\$13.75**

Silk Waists.

Thousands of new pretty spring styles for Easter. You cannot get a poor style if you come here to buy. We have them to suit every taste.

For **\$5.00**—We offer a beautiful Taffeta Waist, all-over tucked and with white tucked Vest—colors, about a dozen, all pretty, a real \$6.00 **\$5.00** waist.... Easter Sale Price

For **\$5.95**—We offer a Waist of Peau de Soie, extra fine grade—the entire front has fine tucks and hemstitching between—full line of rich colors or black—this waist is fully worth \$7.50 to \$8.00—this week you get them all **\$5.95** At **\$5.95**

For **\$7.50**—Handsome, dressy Waists of the new Peau de Cygne, Louiseine, Peau de Soie and taffeta silks—all the swell novelty effects—also at \$25.00, \$16.50, \$15.00, \$13.75, \$10.00.... And at this price **\$7.50**

Misses' Tailor-made Suits

We show a great line of Swell Suits for Misses and Small Women that fit almost without altering.

For **\$10.75**—We put out this week a line of nobby Misses' Suits of all-wool cheviots, with taffeta stitching all round the coat and cuffs—colors, brown, red, blue—sizes 14 to 18 years, or 30 to 36 bust—all sizes only.... **\$10.75**

For **\$14.75**—A pretty all-wool Suit. The Eton has a stitched fancy vest and silk Aiglon collar—for misses 14 to 18, or small women A Special Value at **\$14.75**

For **\$19.50** and upward we shall put on sale an entirely new line of extremely swell Suits, including the very fashionable Princess styles, the only ones you'll find in St. Louis, prices \$47.50, \$38.75, \$35.00, \$29.75 and.... **\$19.50**

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co., Broadway, Washington Av. & St. Charles St.

ing full well how soon they will turn to earth again, and look upon each other no more for ever. Again, there is a figure of Death, of Death not crowned with terrors, as he appears to imaginations appalled with visions of retributive justice, but covered with flowers, the "delicate Death" of the old Pagan world. The figure, with drooping head and relaxed limbs, slumbers in blissful ease, content to have put off the burden off life, and Earth, pleased to receive back her foster-child, strews her over with choice garlands and fresh-fallen leaves.

I am tempted to describe other small works of great interest and beauty, as it is impossible to describe the great ones in terms that would convey any true idea of their amazing force and fecundity. I must, however, give a brief account of two of them—"The Gate of Hell" and "The Tower of Labor." I understand that a site has already been chosen for the former, and the latter is barely more than a project. The "Gate of Hell" is to be cast in bronze, and surely there has been nothing to equal it since Ghiberti's bronze doors at Florence became the wonder and admiration of the world. It is Dante's "Purgatorio" made visible, and I doubt if the vivid, fiery words of that tremendous poem more searchingly impress the mind of a reader than Rodin's rising, falling, swaying, struggling, tense, tortured figures impress the eye of the observer. There are more than a hundred and twenty of these figures, in every conceivable attitude, with infinitely varying expressions. Sometimes a whole character is indicated by the mute appeal of a hand or the suggestive pose of a limb. The three figures that support the portal, on which the words "Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate" are written, are men of prodigious muscular power, the body of each a glorious specimen of the sculptor's art, but having countenances on which such profound, unutterable woe and despair are graven, that they seem as if they had been dipped in the very atmosphere of hell. Truly Rodin is a worthy interpreter of Dante. Only genius can properly interpret genius, and

the hand of Rodin might well have been guided by the spirit of Dante, when he created "The Gate of Hell."

"The Tower of Labor" is as gracious a composition as the other is gruesome. M. Rodin conceived it when he was looking at the column of Trajan with its array of figures circling up towards the top, and not to be seen distinctly more than a few feet from the ground. Why not, he thought, put the Column of Trajan into the Tower of Pisa? And that is what he has done in the admirable model which he has planned and partly executed. The column is encircled by a stairway, but without steps, and of an easy inclination, winding upwards along open arches so that the air and light can freely enter. On the column will be carved a history of Labor. Beneath the platform, on which the Tower stands, there will be vaults, in which those who work in the bowels of the earth will be represented. The platform will be approached on one side by two flights of steps. On the opposite corners stand two colossal figures representing Labor by Day and Labor by Night, of which there is so much under the conditions of modern industry. On either side of the doorway, and above it, there are seated figures, one of them a symbol of physical work, bearing a spade, the other of mental work, holding a pen. On entering the Tower the gradual development of Labor since the earliest recorded times will be unfolded. The toiling generations of men, each generation dressed in the costume and engaged upon the occupation appropriate to the period, will be exhibited to our eyes. Thus the laborers of the world, from ancient to modern times, can be seen and studied, as they stand out from the column in bold relief, carved as the figures in the Parthenon frieze. The column is crowned by the angel of blessing, bringing down from heaven, health and prosperity, the rewards (for Labor is twice blessed), that the gods bestow upon work well done.

Surely the nation that, above all others, has a perception of the high value and intrinsic importance of all great art will not allow so glorious a conception to remain unful-

filled. The Eiffel Tower stands ugly, gaping, in the eye of the world, the fit symbol of an industrial, mechanical age. But will not Paris, who has reared this edifice of black twisted iron and, therein, shown how modern she is, rear also an edifice of white, graven stone, and therein show how much of the old, Greek spirit still lives in her heart? She at least is not wholly given up to the Philistines. Of England this is not the place to speak. But when one hears that two superb Vandykes are allowed to go to Berlin, on the ground that England is too poor to buy them, one feels how dead it is to the true proportion of things. Too poor! when we are spending a million and a quarter a week in slaughtering a few Dutch farmers. Of such is the kingdom of England. As Athens treated Pheidias, as Milan treated Leonardo, as Florence treated Michael Angelo, so should Paris treat Rodin, so should every country and city treat a really great artist, when, only too seldom, he happens to appear within its borders. In glorifying him it glorifies itself, for the power of just and true appreciation is only given to the most enlightened and intellectual of nations. M. Rodin is already past middle age. The years of work that can lie before him are, therefore, growing painfully few. But his brain is teeming with great ideas, which he has still the virile energy to carry out, and one felt it was an almost sinful waste of his time to occupy him even for a few minutes in conversation, for one would like him to be always endowing stolid, marble blocks with deathless life. I may add that his portrait busts have a unique character of their own, and a curious something which I can only compare to the effect produced by Leonardo's portrait of Mona Lisa. He told me that among his pupils he found that women were quicker to grasp his ideas and methods than men. I can well believe it, but I doubt much if women will ever have sufficient executive power to stamp them enduringly upon marble. There lies the secret of his genius, and will, I fear, perish with it.

Ernest Beckett, in the London Saturday Review.

The Mirror

MR. WILLARD'S ART.

"David Garrick" is but a slight thing, as a play, but it is a splendid work to display an actor's genius. The title role demands so many things—grace, an easy wit, sentiment of a courtly kind, tenderness, passion and general poise. All these Mr. Willard possesses quite surely.

In the first place he embodies the gentlemanly tradition. He is a very gracious man, and a very graceful one. He does not let go of his hold on himself. Even in the drunken scene, where the finest actor might easily go astray in excess, Mr. Willard never does so. There is nothing vulgar or coarse in his intoxication. It is simply a good imitation of a great actor's imitation of intoxication, done for a purpose, and that purpose one which wrings the mimic's heart. Many times have I seen the play, but never have I seen the drunken scene when it was not overdone, until last Monday evening. The manner in which, momentarily, *Garrick*, the great actor, wholly forgot his drunken role and lapsed into a bit of true sentiment toward the girl he was trying to disgust, or when he burst into declamation from this or that remembered "part," or when he rose from maudlin to heroic or tender, gradually and then recollecting himself subsided into drunkenness, was a revelation of the art of presenting moods. The bit of playing at playing was very fine indeed. And that is all, in effect, that there is to the play.

Mr. Willard has a wonderful voice. It is rich and exquisitely modulated. When the role calls for a sentence like this—"Oh, if I had only known"—or for any vowelless line, one felt the mastery of its values in its subtly controlled inflections. At other times the voice rose to sharpness and metallic notes, as if the liquor had somehow perverted the action of his vocal chords. The Willard voice is such an one as you shall not hear often in this world. It seems to be almost his sole medium of artistic expression. It reminds you of the Frenchman's theory, that each vowel represents a color. Willard paints with his voice. It has the organ quality. Supplement and support that voice with a cultured intelligence, with a gentle, winsome smile, with an easy, graceful carriage, and you have his total capital in histrionism, with which he produces such delightful results.

There is a charm in Mr. Willard's manner and method that is, even when most drawn upon, singularly easy and quiet. The naturalism of his work is that of a serene certainty of his means and his ends. He dignifies a trifling thing by his considerate, conscientious treatment of it. There emanates from him an impression of cleanliness. There are no ragged ends to his work. And his voice plays over everything like the music of a violin heard at a distance in the twilight, or it rises like a clash of swords and shields when he bursts into passages from his tragic roles.

The selection of "David Garrick" as the play for Mr. Willard's opening night here was hardly fortunate. The theater-goer of the first night persuasion wants, usually, something of stronger mettle than that. But the discerning enjoy him to the top of their bent in such a delicious and delicate display of his genius. His *David Garrick* is the rendition of that part that all who have seen it by him and by others will always hold in memory, as being nearest to the way in which *Garrick* might have done the thing himself.

Mr. Willard is well supported—exceeding well supported. Maud Hoffman was an *Ada Ingot* who could not be improved upon. She was darkly witching, charmingly distraught, and in the later love passages just what the girls who modeled themselves, in a fashion, after Richardson's heroines might have been. *Ada Ingot*, you know, hasn't much to do but be a sort of *Lydia Languish* with higher qualities. I thought Miss Hoffman splendid in her part. Indeed, she made it stand out as I never remember to have seen the part stand out before. Richard Volpe and Ernest Stallard and J. G. Taylor showed themselves actors of rare judgment and much control. The entire company, so far as it had a fling at this performance, gave convincing proof that it could rise to the greater things demanded in the more vital plays billed for later in the week. This is a week of excellent art at the good, old Olympic.

"The Still Alarm" is an excellent show of its kind, at the Century. Harry Lacey is a good actor and a painstaking one, even in a slap-dash, slam-bang production. No matter how hardened a theater-goer you may be you can get a thrill from this show, especially if you ever were a boy or a girl that used to like to run to city fires.

The Deadhead.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

That "blessings brighten as they take their flight," is instanced in the farewell week of the Castle Square Opera Company. Long as their season has been, it has been a gracious one and St. Louis will part with her clever and talented entertainers with an *Auf Wiedersehen!* For the gala week there will be seven changes of programme as follows: Monday evening, "Faust"—J. F. Sheehan in the title role; W. H. Clarke, Mephisto; Wm. Paull, Valentine; Miss Ludwig, Marguerite. Tuesday evening, "Martha," Miss Norwood as Lady Harriet; Miss Lambert, Nancy; M. Delamotta as Lionel, etc. Wednesday matinee, "Bohemian Girl," Arline, Miss Ludwig. Wednesday evening, "Lucia di Lammermoor," Miss Rennyson as Lucia. Thursday, "Il Trovatore," (and at the Saturday matinee,) Leonora, Miss Norwood and Miss Rennyson; Inez, Miss Ramey; Azucena, Miss Graham and Miss Lambert; Manrico, J. F. Sheehan and M. Delamotta. Friday, "Lohengrin," Miss Ludwig, Elsa; Miss Lambert, Gertrude; J. F. Sheehan, Lohengrin; J. P. Coombs, Herald. Saturday evening, "Patience," with the following cast: Patience, Miss Norwood; Angela, Miss Lambert; Saphir, Miss Ludwig; Ella, Miss Rennyson; Jane, Miss Graham; Duke, J. F. Sheehan; Colonel, Wm. Paull; Major, W. H. Clarke; Bunthorne, E. P. Temple; Grosvenor, M. Delamotta; Solicitor, J. Ranney.

R. C. Carton's latest comedy, "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," which proved a success at Daly's this season, is to open at the Olympic theatre, Monday night, April 8. Hilda Spong takes the role of Lady Huntworth. In the cast are John Mason, Grant Stewart, William Courtenay, Jamison Lee Finney, William F. Owen, Beatrice Morgan, etc. The comedy is said to be bright and mirthful, a credit to Dan Frohman's management.

The Four Cohans, (Jerry, Helen F., Josephine and George M.) in their new musical farce, "The Governor's Son," will appear at the Century next week, beginning Sunday, 7th inst. They are a very clever family and are ably supported by a good company of talented folks and a chorus of twenty. The piece has met with much success and friendly notices from the press.

"I see it is maintained by some people that miracles still occur." "So they do. One happened at our house last night. My wife discovered after it was too late to do any ordering that we didn't have a thing in the way of refreshments around the house—and nobody called."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

KAYSERZINN.

Suitable for Wedding Gifts

We have just received a new importation of this popular substitute for silver, comprising Tankards, Punch Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, Water Sets, and numerous articles for table use and ornament.

Does not tarnish, does not corrode.

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A SIMPLE SPRING HAT.

If my muse is propitious I'm going to sing Of a very remarkable sort of a thing: 'Tis the structure the women this year call a "hat":

It might be 'most anything, so why not that?

And if any woman who's got half a will in her Would like to know how she can be her own milliner,

And thus possess one of those wondrous confections,

She has but to follow these simple directions:

First, take for the ground-work what's known as a frame,

(The shape doesn't matter; no two are the same,) Then take lots of ribbon, and make into bows, Wide, narrow, red, yellow, mauve—everything goes.

Next scatter these ribbon bows over the crown, In front and behind, wrong side out, upside down;

If you put them on blindfold, you'll get an effect That the leaders of fashion will cry is "correct."

Then gather gay garlands of marvelous hue, Green roses, pink lilacs, and poppies of blue, And place them in bunches wherever there's room,

Till you've built up a bower of fanciful bloom.

The hat, if you've carefully followed my words, Is now ready for adding occasional birds, Two wings, a few feathers, a pompon, some lace And three jeweled hat-pins to keep it in place.

You now have a head-gear that no one would know

Was not a creation of Madame Virot;

And if you've good taste, you will hide it away, And buy a neat "sailor" to wear every day.

—Bazar.

BLUE-GRASS ARISTOCRACY: "And is she reckoned one of the aristocracy in Kentucky?" "Oh, decidedly! Her family feuds with the very best people there!"—*Detroit Journal*.

If you have old-fashioned diamond jewelry you can have the diamonds remounted in the latest designs by expert diamond setters in Mermod & Jaccard's jewelry factory, Broadway and Locust.

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Full Dress Suits to Rent for \$2.50.

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Russell are making a trip through Old Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Scudder have returned from a tour of California.

Mrs. John C. Janopoulos has come home after a visit to relatives in the East.

Mrs. Russell Harding, of the Southern Hotel has returned from Hot Springs.

Col. and Mrs. Edward L. Russell spent a few days in the city last week, en route East.

Mrs. John Ockerson entertained informally last week in honor of Mrs. Henry Wood, of Kentucky.

Miss Salie Boyce will join a party of friends in Hot Springs for a few weeks, accompanied by Miss Lucy Scudder.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Karst who recently returned from their Bridal trip, are residing at 3738 Washington Boulevard.

Mrs. Tracy Drake, who has been making a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Daughaday, returned Monday evening to Chicago.

Mrs. W. W. Canby, of 4554 Berlin avenue, gave a euchre party on Monday afternoon for Mrs. F. A. Thompson, of Boston, Mass., and Miss Blanche Page, of Richmond, Ind.

St. Louis friends have lately received cards announcing the advent of a second son to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert, in Paris. Mrs. George S. McGrew is now visiting them there.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown of Forest Park Boulevard, will leave next week for the East, to visit first at New York, and then at Old Point Comfort, and Atlantic City. Later they will visit friends in North Carolina.

Mrs. Laura C. Alvord of West Belle Place, is entertaining her relative Mrs. William Worthington Warnick, of Die Vernon Ill. After her visit here, Mrs. Warnick will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Childs, at Sullivan Mo.

Miss Lenore Scullin's marriage to Mr. Clark, will take place on April 10th, and will be one of the handsomest of the Easter weddings. The reception which will follow the ceremony will be one of the handsomest functions of the winter. A large number of bridesmaids and groomsmen will make up the bridal party.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Mabel Green and Mr. Walter Thompson, which will be one of the events immediately after Easter. The date set is April 17th. The ceremony will take place at the Central Presbyterian Church in the evening, and will be followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. James Green, of Washington boulevard.

A wedding which will take place on Tuesday, April 6th, will be that of Miss Caroline Scrader and Mr. Sidney Cale. The ceremony will be solemnized at the Cote Brilliant avenue Presbyterian Church, at half-past eight in the evening. After a bridal tour, Mr. and Mrs. Cale will reside at 3116 Magnolia Terrace, when they will be at home to friends on Fridays, May 10th, and 17th.

Cards were sent out last week by Mr. and Mrs. Philip Von Phul, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Eliza Von Phul, to Mr. Charles Eugene Michel, which will take place on Wednesday morning, April 10th, at half past ten o'clock, at St. Anne's Church. Miss Celeste Michel will serve as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be: Misses Mimi Berthold, Mary Nidelet and

Clemence Clark. Very pretty gowns will be worn by all four, Miss Michel being all in white, with a picture hat of plaited chiffon, and the other three in pale pink with hats of chiffon to match. Mr. Philip Von Phul will be best man, and the groomsmen are to be Messrs. Tony Von Phul, Billie Chatard, of Baltimore, John Bull, and Dr. George Chopin.

Mr. William Carey Teasdale has sent out invitations for the marriage of his daughter, Miss Susan Blanche Teasdale, to Mr. David Sharpe Ralston, which will take place on Monday evening, April 8th, at eight o'clock, at the Third Baptist Church. A large reception will follow the ceremony, at the bride's home, 4112 Lindell. After a honeymoon tour the young couple will make their home at 4115 Lindell.

St. Louis friends have lately received invitations from Mrs. Julia Hunt, of Kansas City, for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Julia Fay Hunt to Mr. John Benoit Cartan, of St. Louis. The ceremony will take place at the bride's home on April 10th and will be followed by a ball at the Coates House, at nine o'clock. At Home cards announce that the couple will be at home to friends on Fridays in May, at 4328 Westminster place.

A pretty little romance is connected with the recent announcement of the engagement of Miss Lily Coale and Mr. Robert Van Court, of Chicago, which was announced to their friends a few days ago. Mr. Van Court and Miss Coale, met ten years ago, when both were very young, and, shortly after, business called the gentleman to Chicago where he has resided ever since. A few months ago Mr. Will Papin, who is an intimate friend, received a letter from Mr. Van Court, asking news of his former sweetheart and if she was still single. As faith willed she was still unmarried, although she had had several men of substance at her feet. The engagement followed. Miss Coale is a writer of note, having done work for many of the eastern journals, notable among which is the Boston *Courier*. She is a member of the Queen's Daughters, and actively engaged in charitable work. For several years she was the only woman in the board of the Wiseman Reading Circle. It is thought the wedding will be a June event. Mr. Van Court is a former St. Louisan. His sister married the Rev. Wilson Aull several years ago.

Kayserzinn just received, in great variety, both useful and ornamental. See display in our north window. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, Locust and Seventh.

THE NEW LACE EDGED VEILS.

Some of the new French veils, which are of the finest mesh, with few spots, are finished off with lace-trimmed edges, which, knotted at the back of the hat, fall gracefully on to the hair behind in sort of cache peigne, which has rather a soft, pretty effect. The lace-sprigged Chantilly veil has even been seen occasionally of late, but lace veils, owing to the closer quality of the net, are not generally becoming. The cream lace veil has its advantages in the summer as a guard against freckles and sunburn, and is rather picturesque, with a large summer hat.

HULLY GEE! She—"I wonder who it was who wrote 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes?'" He—"Maybe it was the same fellow who invented the expression: 'Here's looking at you.'"—*Philadelphia Press*.

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"Yorkshire Linen," the most fashionable writing paper, is a pure linen paper, 24 sheets and envelopes in a box, 50c, with 2-lettered monogram, 15c extra.

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since this simple little scorer, which I have named Howard, after my son, has been introduced, now have no chance to be dishonest.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT'S PAY.

It is said that the highest-priced railroad president in the United States is Charles M. Hays, of the Southern Pacific, whose salary is \$55,000 a year. Mr. Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania; Mr. Callaway, of the New York Central; Mr. Spencer, of the Southern railway; Mr. Mellen, of the Northern Pacific, and Mr. Hill, of the Great Northern, receive each \$50,000.

Messrs. Mowan, Daryl & Co., announce that they have already sold 2,568,000 copies of a thrilling novel they are to bring out next fall. They have not yet selected the author who is to write it.—*Current Literature*.

Mrs. Sleepyize—"Henry, the alarm-clock just went off." Mr. Sleepyize (half asleep)—"Thank goodness! I hope th' thing'll never come back."—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal*.



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The Mirror

NEW BOOKS.

When the comic opera song, love ditty, bravura chorus, ode bacchanalian or amorous, is extracted from the setting of costume, scenery and calcium, it is a thing of naught. It is, therefore, matter for marvel that Harry B. Smith should have thought fit to put his "Stage Lyrics" before a discriminating public's eye. Such "lyrics" are better sung than read, for what they lack in sense or rhythm may be atoned for in melody. Mr. Harry B. Smith is not a poet, but he is a competent librettist, the man who can and will write you an opera (or an oratorio for that matter) on very short notice. Then if his lines often lack the poetic charm they often display a pleasant wit and almost invariably a merry jingle. Quite apart from the merits or demerits of his "Lyrics" are the book and its illustrations. Both are charming. The pictures by Archie Gunn, Ray Brown and E. W. Kemble are well drawn, and include 41 character portraits of such stage favorites as H. C. Barnabee, Francis Wilson, Dan Daly, Lulu Glaser, William Prue, Anna O'Keefe, Hilda Clark, Alice Neilsen, Fay Templeton, Lillian Russell, Frank Daniels, Thos. Q. Seabrooke, DeWolf Hopper, Anna Held, and others too numerous to mention. These, and dainty little captions and vignette sketches from operas, with covers in gold and colors, make this a book that every theatre-goer will want on sight. [R. H. Russell, publisher, New York.]

"Hamlet; a Tragedy, by William Shakespeare"—the E. H. Sothern acting version—is an elegant piece of book work. The text is set in a large, old-style type, very comfortable to tired eyes, and the margins of the book are wide, and the edges raw, in the prevalent antiquarian style. A very great attraction to this Sothern version are the photo-gravure illustrations—there are about fifteen—of the most interesting "pictures" of the play as presented by the Sothern company. The Shakespearian cult "grows with the growing years," and the Shakespearians want all that is good of the bard. They must add this artistic "Hamlet" to their Shakespeariana. [McClure, Phillips & Co., publishers, New York.]

The series of handy volumes entitled the Music Lover's Library is one which should meet with the warm approval of musical folk, professional and otherwise. Each is a monograph, complete within certain lines and with not too much of detail to weary the reader. The second volume, "Choirs and Choral Music," amply covers that field. Mr. Arthur Mees, the author is thoroughly *an fuit* on the subject, being a musical man about town of New York and conductor of the famous Mendelssohn Glee Club of that city. The book gives a concise history of the evolution of choirs and choral music from the Biblical period, when David composed his psalms for "the chief musician" to set to music. Mr. Mees says that the "Song of Solomon" was probably a pastoral imitation of a Hindoo idyl and written for performance by the court singers. His story of choral music in classic times is interesting though he denies to Nero the artistic skill which some late writers claim

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PROSPEROUS THEATRICAL SEASON.

In a few weeks the theatres of the country will close the most prosperous season in their history. They have never before received such prices and they have never before held so many people as they have during the past seven months.

A curious thing is that theatres profit from both adversity and prosperity. When the times are bad, people flock to places of amusement in order to have their minds diverted from their misfortunes. When the times are good they attend in even greater numbers in order to enjoy themselves.

Naturally, prosperity makes the larger profits, because the people do not stand upon the rates. During the past winter they have had a few shocks in the way of increases, and have, in many instances, paid fully fifty per cent more than the usual prices. We refer to this as an age of cheapness; but such is distinctly untrue in the case of theatres. The charge for seats is not only high now, but is growing higher all the time. To pay from one to five dollars for an entertainment of two hours and a half is a large price for the average person; but in spite of what seems to be extravagance the theatres thrive.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

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TRUTH DEXTER.

The novels which are built upon the differences in character and idiosyncrasies of Yankees and Southerners are still in evidence. It is quite natural that the Civil War should be utilized as long as any who participated therein are still living, and also that the "united North and South" should furnish material for stories in which sectional feuds are settled by that potent arbiter, Cupid. Of this class is "Truth Dexter." The author, Sidney McCall, who is a new hand, has made a story possessing great dramatic force, and with some characters that are well worth considering. It is one of the most forceful novels of the season, and one may safely predict a great vogue for it. The action is supposed to occur about the close of President Cleveland's second term. *Van Craighead*, a Boston lawyer, young, handsome, brilliant, has been one of the admirers of the beautiful *Mrs. Wiley*, a leader of society at "the Hub," to whom the author has given the odd name of *Orchid*, suggesting a line of botanical genera for names altogether uncouth. The hero, *Van*, is demanding the extent of her regard for him, and a lovers' quarrel, is raging when *Tom Wiley*, the wealthy, good-natured husband, appears on the scene, bringing down the curtain, so to speak. One of the properties is "a fat, brass Buddha," which *Orchid* has in her boudoir, though Heaven only knows (besides Mr. McCall) where she got it, as neither in Oriental art nor in Buddhist myth is there such an anomaly as "a fat Buddha." But it is probably a Japanese gnome or a household god—though our author will do well in future stories to be careful in the choice of his bric-a-brac. Then *Craighead*, smarting with indignation because another man's wife hesitates in giving him the proof of her love, which he requires in brutal and unchivalrous terms, goes to Dexterville, an Alabama village, on a peculiar mission. His firm is engaged by the executor of a deceased Dexter to offer a fortune of several millions of dollars to *Truth Dexter*. This fortune had been refused by her grandfather, *Col. John Dexter*, because the devior, his younger brother, *Engene*, had fought against the South. *Mrs. Dexter*, the mother, a charming Southern lady of the olden time, shares with her bluff, hot-tempered husband his strenuous objection to accepting the fortune, and *Truth* is also in accord with their anti-Northern prejudices. On the second day of his visit the grandfather dies of apoplexy, and *Mrs. Dexter* and her grand-daughter are left suddenly without a protector or relative, and almost penniless. In this emergency *Van Craighead* offers to marry *Truth*, so as to be able to take care of her and her grandmother by accepting the fortune. The girl—she is in her teens—reluctantly assents for her grandmother's sake, and before *Mrs. Dexter*, who is prostrated by her great loss, has fully realized that she has consented, the queer marriage is performed. The lawyer takes the sick woman to the Gulf Coast, surrounds her with every luxury and restores her to health, winning her regard and that of *Truth* by his thoughtful kindness and assiduity. Leaving his young wife and her mother at Biloxi, *Van* returns to Boston and has a very troublesome time explaining to his society friends why he married. *Orchid* is the Nemesis most to be dreaded and she certainly revenges herself not only on *Craighead* but also on his innocent young wife, when she returns from the South to live with her husband in Boston. While there has never been a hint of any

thing immoral in the love affairs of *Mrs. Wiley* and *Craighead* the platonism appears to have bordered dangerously near that condition. At all events she worries poor *Truth*, who is in love with her husband, by bragging of his previous friendship for her. A friend, *Mrs. Adams*, takes the young wife to Europe and *Orchid* lures the husband to a seaside resort, to meet *Lord Gayrock*, a British diplomat. At dinner *Craighead*, the nobleman, *Orchid* and her husband have several long discussions on Anglo-American affairs, international complications, the decadence of the British Empire and the corresponding rise to glory of the Republic. Before leaving her for good there is a strenuous love-episode. *Mrs. Wiley* says: "And is that pale, cold abstraction you call your wife to come between us forever? She is not your wife, she is an interloper! What has she to do with us? We two belong to each other! I will not give you up! Never! Never!" Then—"she flung herself on his breast with a wonderful cry." He vainly tried to repel her, but she "laughed out clear in the moon light and said, 'Van, Kiss me! You have never yet kissed me! Kiss me, Van, I am very close!'" And so on. But after this fierce scene of osculation he breaks from her—though the unconscionable woman, with the inevitable meanness of her kind, tells *Van's* wife of the affair and he has to repent in mental sackcloth and ashes. *Craighead* is not an admirable character. He is very much of a prig, with very little that is really generous or noble in him. But it must be admitted that he is natural—if not much of a hero. As *Orchid* fades from the book, *Truth* prevails. Hers is a delightful picture, a figure in romance that deserves to live. And other characters are well drawn, *Norton*, a gentlemanly fellow; the old Yankee father of *Craighead*; *Mrs. Adams*, etc. [Little, Brown & Co., publishers, Boston, Price \$1.50.]

EASTER HATS.

"Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall" there is not one that clings any closer to the feminine mind than the new spring hat. There isn't much to it,—a handful of chiffon, lace, flowers, a metal ornament or two and the frame. Take these ingredients, throw them together—tastefully, with the eye of the artist-milliner and her clever hand—group the agglomeration into a picture, and the result is "that love of a hat!" The ingredients lacking that artistic touch and taste will be worthless, or at the best, make a hat that will suit the yokel's wife or the colored cook. It is the style, the taste, the finish, which is like the breath of spring to the sleeping flowers. Some millinery firms turning out costly head-gear often lack that peculiar faculty—they can't present a stylish hat—a hat that you know to be the acme of good taste. Perhaps it is like the poetic talent, "born not made." Ladies know that it is the peculiar feature of the hats that come from the Rosenheim studio, on Locust street, where they pride themselves on the chic of their goods.

* * *

Compressed oxygen and carburetted hydrogen were made use of by burglars lately in breaking open a safe in a London post-office. It is supposed that they provided themselves with a bottle of oxygen and obtained the other gas from a jet in the building, thus producing a flame intense enough to destroy the lock.

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The late General Harrison was the only man ever elected President who, during his college days, was a member of a Greek letter society. The society whose alumni rolls are honored with his name is the Phi Delta Theta, which is one of the famous "Miami triad" of fraternities, the other two being the Beta Theta Pi and the Sigma Chi. The chapter of which General Harrison was a member was the first chapter organized in the fraternity—the one at Miami University, Ohio.

J. Pierpont Morgan is a very busy man and his time is, of course, enormously valuable, but he always manages to attend the Episcopal general convention and has not missed one for many years. This year the convention will be held, next October, in San Francisco. The splendid Crocker mansion there has been placed at the disposal of Mr. Morgan for use during the convention.

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MUSIC.

SPECTACULAR OPERA AT MUSIC HALL.

"Aida" is the highest trump card held by the Castle Square Opera Company.

To the credit of the business head, or heads, of the organization be it said that it is being played at the right time and in the right way. Holy week, with this company, is usually one of those unpleasant, compulsory periods of "rest," so frequent in the theatrical profession, but an attraction as powerful as the Verdi work, staged as gorgeously and sung as capably as is the case in the present production will enable Mr. Savage to tide over this week without loss.

Tireless Mr. Temple has made some changes in the arrangement of the settings, and in the groupings of the chorus, which, if that were possible, add to the effectiveness and beauty of the pictures. The new scenery is highly artistic, and the new costumes are rich and glittering. The new members of the cast gave a satisfactory account of themselves.

Norwood was the *Aida* of Monday night's performance.

She narrowly escaped being great. In the ensembles her voice penetrated the noisy chorus and orchestra, and sang through the hall with thrilling effect, and she sang the difficult, "Native Land" aria magnificently. Her attacks on the high notes were pure and true, her tone was round and soft, she phrased beautifully, enunciated clearly, and altogether her vocalization and interpretation were of a high order. It is in the recitatives only that she is found wanting; she has the dramatic fire, but the voice is not sufficiently dramatic in quality or powerful enough to be impressive.

We all know Sheehan's *Rhadames*. It packed Music Hall every time the favorite tenor sang it last season. Now it is even better than it was then. It is more rounded dramatically, and more polished, vocally. The splendor of tone was fairly dazzling, and the singer was even more prodigal of sustained high tones than is his wont.

Winfred Goff has a great voice. This has been said before, but never so clearly demonstrated as by his singing of *Amonasro*. He displayed extraordinary compass, power and fine dramatic force. Goff, on the strength of his work here, may be counted as one of the foremost operatic baritones of the time.

Dear, jolly Frances Graham seemed rather out of her element as the violent *Amneris*. Her handsome, good natured face absolutely refused to express jealousy, rage and repentance, and though she looked regally beautiful and sang well, she presented but a weak portrait of the part.

James P. Coombs was an uncouth *King* who at all times does as well as his larynx will permit.

Ramfis in W. H. Clarke's hands was becomingly dignified, and Maud Ramey intoned correctly the oriental *Priestess* music.

The second cast, heard Tuesday night, furnished the surprise of the season. An untried *Aida* and an untried *Amneris* appeared and scored tremendously.

Harry Davies sang better, as *Rhadames*, than he has sung in this city, Boyle was a commanding *Ramfis* and Paull a spirited *Amonasro*. Josephine Ludwig sang the title part. Never, at any time during the performance, did she suggest the novice. She

sang with freedom and authority in round, warmly colored tones. Her phrasing was broad and dramatic and she developed unlooked-for power in the heroic climaxes.

She acted with the ease of a veteran—conventionally, but effectively. Her appearance was picturesque—an idealized Ethiopian.

Lambert's *Amneris* was sensational.

She depicted vividly, in tone, facial expression, and action, the varying emotions of the Egyptian Princess. Her work in this part gives promise of great future achievement. Lambert is young and strong. Her voice grows constantly in strength and breadth. She has immense dramatic ability, and if the future does not see her among the truly great, all signs fail.

A. C. W.

ERRORS IN PRINTING.

There are many malevolent imbeciles who take great pleasure in writing to editors of publications, and pointing out with ghoulish glee typographical and other errors in the papers or magazines over which the unfortunate editors preside. These persons think it strange that errors should occur, but they don't know the pains that are taken to prevent error, and the almost overpowering exasperation of the errors that escape, when they meet the editorial eye. Even the angelic Mr. Edward W. Bok has been sorely tried by these fellows who write gloatingly of discovered errors, and he writes feelingly on the subject in a recent issue of the publication with which he is identified. Says Mrs. Bok:

"Editorial vigilance is the only safeguard against errors in magazine-making. Every article that is published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, for instance, is read at least four times in manuscript form, and all statements of fact verified before it goes to the printer. Then it is read and revised by the proof-readers; goes back to the author for his revision; is re-read by the editors three or more times, at different stages; and again by the proof-readers possibly half a dozen times additional. Thus each article is read at least fifteen and often twenty times after leaving the author's hands until it reaches the public eye. But with all this unremitting vigilance errors of the most obvious kind occasionally escape observation until perhaps the final reading, but it is rare, indeed, that an inaccuracy hides itself in the pages securely enough to go through a magazine's edition." Even the most valuable books, *editions de luxe*, are not free from fault. When you see a fault in a book or paper, don't gloat. Be sure that the editor and printer feel much worse than you could wish them to feel.

• • •

QUICKLY ADJUSTED: *Reporter*—"There's a newsboy on the street yelling out a lot of sensational stuff that isn't in the paper." *Great Editor*—"Gee Whittaker! Then put it in."—*New York Weekly*.

• • •

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.



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A VIENNA SURGEON'S FINE WORK.

The well known Viennese surgeon and director of the Rudolphinum, Dr. Gersuny, has been lately occupied with medical experiments which will doubtless cause intense interest. By a simple, painless injection, which is performed without the least difficulty, certain external defects, such as cavities and hollows in the skin, are fully removed, and these disagreeable inequalities restored to full roundness. Dr. Gersuny's experiments are purely professional, and have nothing to do with cosmetics. But though Dr. Gersuny restricts himself to medical operations, there is a great possibility of his discovery becoming extremely useful in other directions. The doctor's idea, for instance, was to restore to its original form a badly injured nose, or to fill up a sunken cheek caused by the removal of part of the jaw. In such operations his discovery has been highly successful. The doctor takes a syringe, such as that used for injecting morphia, fills it with medicinal paraffin heated to a certain degree, and injects it beneath the skin into the hollow cavity till this is rounded to its original form. The paraffin fixes itself firmly beneath the epidermis and remains immovable. Very little unpleasantness is caused to the patient by this operation, and all Dr. Gersuny's attempts up to the present have succeeded.

Another report upon the Gersuny discovery says: The professor published an account of his experiments at the very commencement, and since then he has become very expert in injecting vaseline, with very satisfactory results. It has been proved that paraffin, when melted to 40 degrees Celsius, and injected beneath the skin, remains quiet, causing no local irritation. Gersuny occasionally uses this injection to form a small swelling, and he obtained very successful results with the obturator muscles by forming a sort of valvular flap when the former were lost, which proved a valuable substitute for them. He found it also extremely useful in relaxing stiff muscles and in improving the articulation in cases of the so-called wolf's jaw, or open split in the roof of the mouth. It has still to be ascertained whether Dr. Gersuny's discovery can be made useful for beautifying the human face, as, up to the present, the paraffin hardened after injection, forming no soft flexible support. The professor himself strictly confines these injections to surgical cases.—*London Telegraph*.

SHIRT WAISTS ABROAD.

The popularity of the American shirt-waist abroad, both men's and women's, has become so great that the manufacturers in the United States have found it worth while to apply to the Treasury Department for an executive order giving them the advantage of the drawback law. The "drawback" under the tariff law is simply a remission of custom taxes on goods imported into the United States which are to be sent out of the country again in manufactured form. The sales of our shirt-waists in Europe, and even in Asia and Africa, have become so large that the American manufacturers now import large quantities of cloth from the mills of England and France, and make it up into the garment which has become so popular both for summer and for winter wear. As the government wishes to encourage the export trade, the manufacturers can get back the money which they pay for customs charges in raw material, if satisfactory proof

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CHARM OF THE TAILOR-MADE.

"Tailor-made gowns are as much in vogue as ever," said the society woman. "Indeed I believe they've come to stay. I don't see why not."

"What's the peculiar charm about a tailor-made dress?" she was asked.

"It has several charms," she responded, "it fits the form like a glove. It gives an erect and statuesque appearance to a stylish woman, and—"

"But if she isn't built that way?"

"Oh, the tailor-made can be built to cover all of nature's defects. And then, as I was about to say, it is inexpensive."

"Why I was under the impression that it was very costly, as compared with other dress for women," remarked the man.

"A mistake, I assure you. Of course there are ladies' tailors who charge 'fancy' prices, but at an establishment like Mills & Averill's, at Broadway and Pine, you get as handsome a suit as you could get in New York, Paris or London, and at half the price."

"Are they prepared for ladies work?"

"Yes they have an elegant reception room on the third floor, where the tables are loaded with all the newest importations of suitings, broadcloth, Venetians, fancy mixtures, all bought by this firm direct of the manufacturer. That is one of the reasons they can afford to make a tailor-made suit at a reasonable figure, and there are other reasons."

"Yes, but how about style?"

"It's a strong point with Mills & Averill. Their chief artist was a ladies' tailor for years in Vienna before he came here—you know how stylish the Viennese ladies are. The suits, skirts and over-jackets that man designs, I tell you, are the acme of style. And many of the most fastidious women in the best circles here have their suits made by Mills & Averill. My husband took me there the first time. Down in the basement there is a regular cleaning and dyeing establishment and here, too, they thoroughly shrink every piece of cloth before a garment is cut—and that reminds me—that those new Crevenette goods are all waterproof, and are very pretty too; this house has a full line of them."

"Then on the main floor, is the men's made-to-order department. They make suits from \$20 to \$60 for men. It is easy to see that they must do an immense business for the acres of space in a room, 120x90, are filled with counters covered with piles of cloth. It is the largest tailoring establishment in the West. No notions, gents' furnishings or any other knick-nacks—just clothes for men ready-made and made to order and woman's tailor-made suits.

"Did you know that Mills & Averill make the uniforms for the police department of St. Louis? They do, and for several railroad companies as well. I am told that their traveling men bring in orders from all over the West, and the firm doesn't know what a dull season is, for they are busy all the time. Many employees? I believe they employ about 400 people in the various departments.

"Boys' clothing is one of their most popular departments. It is on the second floor, and the youth isn't born that cannot be properly suited their. On the third floor, in addition to the elegant tailor-made parlor and individual dressing rooms with handsome cheval glasses, is the trimmings department, where all the accessories for fashionable costumes or uniforms are kept in stock."

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THE STOCK MARKET.

The most notable feature in the railway list, in the past week, has been the rise in Burlington, which touched the high level predicted by its friends some months ago. The highest point the stock sold at in the boom of 1899 was 149 1/2,—at this writing it is selling about 175, chiefly on account of rumors that the Hill-Morgan syndicate has obtained control of the property. The Burlington officials stoutly deny all knowledge of any change in ownership; some are even disposed to ridicule the various rumors emanating from Wall street in reference to this matter and to refer to them as stock-jobbing canards. In connection with this much-talked-of Burlington deal, it may be well to bear in mind that nothing resulted from the now rather notorious St. Paul deal, which kept all Wall street on the *qui vive* for weeks and ended in a lamentable fiasco. If there is any basis in fact for the Burlington stories, the present price of the stock should have discounted everything.

The sharp advance in Rock Island had been expected for sometime. Shrewd speculators absorbed large amounts of the shares between 125 and 129 on "tips" from the powerful pool that has been in control ever since last December. In comparison with St. Paul and Burlington, Rock Island has been too much neglected. As a sure 5 per cent. dividend-payer, the stock is a good investment and more attractive than a good many other issues of this kind that the public is now clamoring for with ever-increasing cupidity.

The rumors of an absorption of Mexican railway properties by the Rock Island should be taken *cum grano salis*, although, of course, it is within the probabilities that close traffic arrangements may be entered into which will result in increased profits to both parties.

Lake Erie & Western common has at last crossed 60, and gained about 25 points since the attention of the readers of the MIRROR was called to the merits of this particular

stock. The Lake Erie & Western is now controlled by the Vanderbilts, the New York Central (Lake Shore) holding a majority of both common and preferred stock. The earnings of the property are steadily increasing, and the surplus, according to recent statements, is sufficient to pay the full 6 per cent on the preferred stock, and something on the common. The common does not as yet pay anything, but it will enter the list of dividend-payers before a great while. There is reason to believe that the common will prove a second Omaha common, which latter stock, some years ago, sold at 30, and is now difficult to buy at 125.

New York, Chicago & St. Louis (Nickel Plate) second preferred and common, and Big Four common should not be overlooked. These Vanderbilt issues are likewise controlled by the New York Central interests, and their movements of late have been suggestive of approaching developments of great importance. Big Four common is now on a 3 per cent basis, while earning at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, and an increase in the rate is, therefore, amply justified. Nickel Plate common will climb up into the 50s. Its movements may be slow and erratic, but the stock will return big profits to those who have the necessary amount of patience and are disposed to buy for a "long pull."

New York Central and Pennsylvania are still low, compared with Burlington and St. Paul, and judging by their intrinsic merits and prospects, Pennsylvania, as a gilded 6 per cent. dividend-payer, should be worth 175, or, indeed, more than Burlington. The earnings of the company are simply marvellous and promise to become still larger as the months pass by. New York Central will soon be on a 6 per cent. basis, as the surplus is sufficient to distribute more than 12 per cent. to shareholders. The company is spending large sums of money for improvements of all kinds and increasing its holdings of securities of allied companies. New York Central stockholders have no

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital, \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

MOST MODERN SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE WEST.

Boxes for rent \$5.00 and upward.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

GUY P. BILLON,
Formerly GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon,
stock and bond broker, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co.	4	J. D. June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park	6	A. O. April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.)	6	A. O. Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld.)	3.65	J. D. Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
"	4	A. O. Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
"	3 1/2	J. D. Dec., 1909	102 -103
"	4	J. J. July 1, 1918	112 -113
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
"	3 1/2	M. S. June 2, 1920	104 -106
"	100	M. N. Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
St'rg'g (Gld.)	4	M. N. Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
"	4	A. O. Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
"	4	J. D. June 1, 1914	109 -110
"	3.65	M. N. May 1, 1915	104 -106
"	3 1/2	F. A. Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment..... \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100	-101
Funding	6	Aug. 1, 1903	104	-106
School	5	Aug. 1, 1908	100	-102
"	4	Apr. 1, 1914	102	-105
"	4 5/20	M. S. Mar. 1, 1918	102	-103
"	4 10/20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
"	4 15/20	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	104	-105
"	4	M. S. Mch. 1, 1918	105	-106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 - 80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 - 102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 - 100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 - 103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 - 95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s	1904	99 - 101
Hydraulic Tel Co., 6s 1st mtg	1928	100 - 101
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 - 108
Merchants Bridge 1st mortg 6s	1929	115 - 115 1/2
Merch Bridge and Terminal 6s	1930	113 - 115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117 - 119
Missouri Edison 1st mortg 5s	1927	95 - 96
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	101 - 101 1/2
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	82 - 90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 - 95
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 - 102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 - 101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 - 85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '00, 8 SA	270 -235
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	195 -196
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	Dec. '00, 8 1/2 SA	201 -203
Fourth National	100	Nov. '00, 5p.c. SA	239 -245
Franklin	100	Dec. '00, 4 SA	165 -175
German Savings	100	Jan. 1900, 6 SA	290 -295
German-Amer...	100	Jan. 1900, 20 SA	750 -800
International	100	Dec. 1900 1/2 qy	140 -145
Jefferson	100	Jan. 00, 3p.c. SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1900, 5 SA	400 -600
Mechanics'	100	Dec. 1900, 2 qy	217 -225
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1900, 1/2 qy	205 -207
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1900, 4 SA	130 -150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Jan. 1900, 2 1/2 qy	285 -290
South Side	100	Nov. 1900, 3 SA	125 -130
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com...	100	Jan. 1900, 8 SA	90 -100
State National...	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	166 -168
Third National...	100	Jan. 1900, 1 1/2 qy	198 -199

*Quoted 100 for par.

4th and Locust Sts.

reason to lose any sleep about the future and value of their shares.

There is a good deal of antipathy against Southern Pacific, principally because the total capital stock of this company amounts to almost \$200,000,000. While the capitalization is large, it is less than that of the Atchison, which latter company covers a good deal of the same kind of territory as that tributary to the Southern Pacific. The Union Pacific would never have consented to buy about \$100,000,000 of Southern Pacific stock, if it had not received the promise that something would be paid on the latter in the not distant future. The Southern Pacific, be it remembered, has now an entirely different management, whose evident intention it is to roll up big gains in net earnings from month to month, and to please stockholders. In the last three months, there has been an expansion in net earnings of almost \$1,500,000. At this rate, the annual statement should show about 5 per cent earned on the total capital stock, so that it is hard to understand why Southern Pacific should be dear at anything below 50. People who now refuse to buy it at 47 will be glad to buy it at 55 in the near future. While the present movements of the stock are not very satisfactory to holders, they reflect shrewd manipulation for the purpose of permitting insiders to accumulate large holdings preparatory to a decisive upward movement.

Louisville & Nashville, Chesapeake & Ohio, Norfolk & Western common and Southern Railway preferred and common will also go higher. The first-named may be bought for at least 110; intrinsically, it is worth as much as Rock Island. Southern preferred will slowly rise to 90 and 95 and the common to 40, while C. & O., in view of the big earnings of the company, will receive an enlarged dividend and be pushed up to 60. Norfolk & Western common will be made a dividend-payer within a few months.

There has been a great deal of crazy buying in the past week; transactions have increased enormously; the big fellows are liquidating, and it is probable that a sharp reaction is near at hand. Great caution is evidently in order; the bull side is too much of a "cinch" at present to be very safe, and the advancing tendency is maintained only through the desperate efforts of cliques and pools and the clever manipulation of specialties through various stories and rumors. Purchases should be confined to stocks of the kind above mentioned and be made on concessions only. There are signs of higher money rates; gold is being exported, and the surplus reserves of New York banks are dwindling away.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Local stocks and bonds maintain their strength. There have been further gains in several issues lately, especially in the values of Bank and Trust Company stocks. National Bank of Commerce has advanced

to 284; Third National to 198 1/2; Mercantile Trust Co., to 304 and Title Guarantee Trust to 165. Boatmen's is quoted at 196 asked.

United Railways preferred is steady at 77 3/4; there is but little demand for it, however, at this writing. St. Louis Transit is hovering between 23 1/4 and 23 3/4, while United Railways 4s are 90 1/2 bid, 90 3/4 asked.

Mining stocks are dull, Nettie being lower and Granite-Bimetallic steady and unchanged. Consolidated Coal is a little active and quoted at 14 1/4 bid.

Banks report a large business with interest rates at from 5 to 7 per cent. Sterling is firm and higher at 4.88 1/2; Berlin is 95 1/8 and 5.15 1/8.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

AN UNPRECEDENTED RUSH TO THE HOT SPRINGS OF ARKANSAS.

It is probably due to the influences of the many campaigns in which the United States troops have been engaged in the last year or so, in foreign climes, and the extremely arduous duties which they have performed with such distinction, that the number of applications for treatment at the American Carlsbad, the Hot Springs of Arkansas, has increased to such an extent that, from the present indications, it looks as if the applicants could not be taken care of. Our Uncle Samuel keeps a great hospital there for the exclusive use of the officers and men of the regular and volunteer army, the Government Army and Navy Hospital is the way it is called, for the Navy has a share of the benefits, too, and, in the last few years, it has become an immensely popular place.

The world-wide reputation which this resort bears for the prompt and permanent alleviation and relief of such ills as service in the semi-tropic regions involves, taken in connection with its remarkable climate and healthfulness of location,—its altitude is just right,—and its easy accessibility, combine to make it a spot much sought after by officers and men.

The surgeon in charge of the Government Hospital estimates that the applications for admittance this year will be much in excess of the capacity of the Hospital to care for them, although it has been extensively improved, and everything done that could be done in anticipation of just such a rush. It looks as if at least a few of the applicants would be disappointed by their failure to get there.

Malt-Nutrine

The Opinion of Medical Experts.

Malt-Nutrine is easily received and readily retained by any stomach. It restores and regulates. The consensus of medical opinion, based upon actual observation and careful experiments, shows that Malt-Nutrine possesses intense nourishing strength and wonderfully assists digestion, and that it is invaluable for the strengthening and nourishing of convalescents, weak children, thin-blooded people and dyspeptics. Malt-Nutrine is prepared by the famous Anheuser-Busch Brewing Assn., which fact guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.,

FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,500,000.

Receives deposits of money and pays interest thereon. Loans money on real estate and collateral security. Buys and sells domestic and foreign exchange. Issues letters of credit available everywhere.

Scarrill-Comstock Furniture Co.

BROADWAY AND LOCUST.

We invite your
Inspection of our
BEAUTIFUL

Spring Stock

This beautiful

Colonial Suit

is taken from one of the many 1901 designs we are now offering. It is of fine Cuban Mahogany, waxed finish and a gem at the price.



Cuban Mahogany,
Waxed Finish, \$40.00



Cuban Mahogany, Waxed Finish, \$35.00



Cuban Mahogany,
Waxed Finish, \$28.00



Cuban Mahogany,
Waxed Finish, \$38.00

These goods are well constructed, beautifully finished and can not be duplicated at the price.



Dresser 42 in. wide 22 in. deep
30x24 in. French Beveled Plate.

In Bird's Eye Maple
Mahogany or
Quartered Oak,

\$22.50



Chiffonier 32 in. wide, 22 in. deep.
16x20 French Beveled Plate.

See them in all
woods in our
Broadway windows.

\$17.50

Easter Offerings from St. Louis' Greatest and only Complete Store

CRAWFORD'S



SPRING SUITS

Our Incomparable

Cloak and Suit Rooms

Are now teeming with the choice treasures of the fashion centers at home and abroad. All bought for cash, and therefore as cheaply as only money can buy.

Ladies' stylish Dress Skirts, made of fine Venetian cloth, large flare, flounce trimmed all around with nine bands of sateen, colors tan, red, blue, green, gray, brown and black, regular price \$8.50; Easter Price.....	\$5.50
Ladies' All-over tucked Taffeta Silk Skirts, flounce trimmed with six rows of taffeta ruching, regular price \$16.50; Easter Price.....	\$10.98
Ladies' stylish gray homespun Blouse Suits, trimmed with taffeta, tailor-stitched, regular price \$15.00; Easter Price	\$9.75
Very stylish open-front Eton Suits, L'Aiglon collar, Eton bound with taffeta, four rows of stitching, fancy galloon trimming, Eton taffeta lined, regular price \$32.50; Easter Price	\$22.50
Ladies' fine White Lawn Waists, with chemisette of Valenciennes insertion, tucked front and back, bishop sleeve, regular price \$2.00; Easter Price	\$1.25
Children's Combination Military Capes, red and tan and blue and red, regular price \$4.75; Easter Price	\$3.50
We are showing a very handsome Raglan, waist and sleeves lined with satin, colors tan, Oxford, gray and black, regular price \$25.00; Easter Price	\$15.00

NO CHARGE FOR ALTERATIONS.

HANDKERCHIEF DEPT.

Always Best Values.

100 dozen Ladies' Fancy colored Handkerchiefs, latest Easter novelty, embroidered and scalloped hem-stitched and lace edge; at, each.	25c
15c, 20c and	
Special Easter Offering—25 dozen Ladies' Fancy Val. Lace Handkerchiefs, all-linen centers, regular price 35c each; Easter price, each.....	25c
45c	
Men's Special—100 dozen Men's All-Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, all width hems, regular price 17½c each; Easter Price, each, Not over ½ dozen to each customer.	10c
At 5c each, Ladies' All-Linen Hemstitched Fancy Val. Lace, embroidered and hemstitched, initial, exquisite line of colored borders, both ladies' and Men's; were 7½c to 10c each; Easter Price	5c

RIBBONS.

5-inch to 6½-inch wide Pure Silk Taffeta Ribbon, actual value 39c yard; Easter Sale price, yard	25c
4½-inch Pure Silk Taffeta Ribbon, actual value 29c yard; Easter Sale Price, yard	19c
3-inch Neck Ribbons, pure silk, actual value 20c yard; Easter Sale Price, yard	15c
Fancy Wash Neck Ribbons, linen and silk-mixed, actual value 20c yard; Easter Sale Price, yard	10c
No. 1 Colored velvets, all shades, fast edges; Easter Sale Price, piece of 10 yards.....	19c

Large Assortment of No. 1 Satin Ribbon, All Colors.

Millinery.

The Popular Verdict:

"The Prettiest in the City."



250 Easter Trimmed Hats, all shapes, and trimmed with roses, foliage, fancy net, former price \$4.00; Easter Price	\$2.98
250 Easter Trimmed Hats, all styles and colors, trimmed with chiffon, flowers, buckles and gilt trimmings; former price \$5.00; Easter price	\$3.98
200 Easter Trimmed Hats—these hats are the best in the city for the price. Made on frame, with chiffon, flowers, foliage, lace and gilt effect; former price \$6.50; Easter price	\$4.98
Turbans, on wire frame, covered and draped with straw cloth, assorted colors; former price \$2.00; Easter price	\$1.25
Children's Trimmed Hats, made of fancy straw and mull, all colors; former price \$1.25; Easter price	75c
ROSES—Silk and Velvet, all colors, worth 25c a bunch; Easter Price	10c
Baby Bonnets, trimmed with Val. lace and ribbon, in pink, blue, white, worth \$1.25; Easter Price	75c
LILACS—Assorted colors, 6 in a bunch, worth 25c; Easter Price	15c

EASTER SHOES.



The Greater Bargains of the Easter Season.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Lace, with silk top facing, kid back stays, sewed with silk thread, soles made of oak leather, also Ladies' Patent Leather Lace, medium or bull-dog toe, light or extended soles, every pair of these worth \$3.00 a pair; choice for	\$1.98
Ladies' Extra Fine Dongola Kid Lace Shoes and Oxfords, with smooth inner soles, beaded kid back stays, made in fourteen different styles, worth \$3.50 a pair; choice for	\$2.48
Ladies' Fine Patent Leather Vici Kid Lace Shoes or Oxfords, with the new Cuban or Louis XIV. heel, with all the new style toes; we have them in light hand turn or extended soles; also all kid, with patent leather toe kid tips. These shoes fit, wear, look and are as satisfactory as shoes you will pay \$4.00 for in any regular shoe store.....	\$2.98

THE STORY OF A JOKE.

Like a flash of heaven-born inspiration the joke came into my mind. I am not a punster; I am not given to making jokes; still less am I given to repeating other people's jokes or newspaper witticisms.

But when, without preliminary study or forethought, that joke came into being in my brain, I knew it was the best joke I had ever heard, or rather, since I had not spoken it, and therefore had not yet heard it, I knew it was better than any joke I had ever heard or read.

And it was absolutely original. No train of thought had led up to it, no previous conversation had suggested it; like Minerva, it sprang full-armed from a great head.

Being my own joke, and such an exceptionally good joke, I began to think over my acquaintances with a view to selecting one worthy to be its first hearer.

Beauchamp was my dearest friend, but then Beauchamp was an Englishman, and so, of course, could not be expected to see the point of a purely American joke like mine. Dorothy, my *fiancee*, was a perfect dear, but, well, that pretty curly head of hers really had no room in it for anything but her frivolous pleasures and her love of me. Dawson was the editor of a comic paper, so he was out of the question. Parker, my brother-in-law, was a minister, and a man of really good taste in jokes, but somehow, I felt sure my joke was in a class above his. And so I thought over all my friends until I came to Ferris.

"Just the one," I said to myself. "Ferris writes such delicate, witty verses, he'll appreciate the full flavor of an exquisite joke like this of mine."

I had just concluded that I would go at once to Ferris's house, and give him the treat I had in store for him, when my sister Eleanor entered the library, where I was sitting. Now, my sister is an extremely up-to-date young woman, and as the day was a trifle cloudy, she was wearing a trim cloth skirt, which held itself proudly aloof from all earthly contact, and a hat, gloves, and boots which I would have been glad to own.

I was unable to resist the temptation to try my joke on her, although Eleanor is so very progressive that she takes even her own mentality seriously.

"Sister," said I, with a touch of severity in my tone, "for street wear nothing is more improper than a rainy-day skirt."

Eleanor's eyes blazed. "How ignorant you are!" she exclaimed. "Everybody wears them, and they are entirely correct. I have no patience with a woman who would drag a cloth train along a muddy sidewalk, or tire herself out trying to hold it up. Neither have I any patience with a man who can approve of such an old-fashioned, mistaken notion." And with a progressive slam of the street-door she was gone.

I chuckled softly to myself over the humor-blindness of women, and with a certainty of a more successful experiment, I betook myself to Ferris's house.

"Ferris, old man," said I, without preamble, "I've made a joke, and, as it's the best joke ever made, I'm going to tell it to you first of anybody."

"Do," said Ferris, looking intelligent, as he often does.

"Well," said I, slowly and very soberly, "it's a fashion note, you know,—a burlesque fashion note, and it's this: For street wear nothing is more improper than a rainy-day skirt."

"Go on," said Ferris.

"Go on?" I cried. "There's nothing more; that's all there is to it."

"But you said it was a joke," said Ferris, the intelligent look dying out of his face.

"It is a joke! Oh, don't you see the point?"

"There isn't any point," said Ferris, calmly, "and, besides, it isn't true. Lots of things are far more improper. Look at the ladies' evening-dress of to-day—"

"Evening-dress isn't worn in the daytime," I said, cuttingly, and with great disgust at Ferris's stupidity, I went away.

As I walked down the street I met Daisy Day, and, with a sudden determination to tell that joke to every person I should see, until somebody appreciated it, I turned, and walked by her side.

"Good-morning, Miss Day," I said, and glanced severely at her smart rainy-day suit. "Don't you know that, for street wear, nothing is more improper than a rainy-day skirt? It's a joke," I added hastily, for I saw an expression of mortal offense stealing over her pretty, babyish face.

"Oh, it's a joke!" she exclaimed, her face clearing, and her dimples springing into life. "And what a good one! Oh, Mr. Abbott, you are so clever! I just love your jokes. Do tell me another. But wait until I learn this one, so that I can quote it correctly. 'It isn't correct to wear a rainy-day suit in the rain.' Oh, that is so funny! What! are you going in here? Oh, good-morning."

I stifled my laughter and strolled into the club. The first one I saw was old Hollister, a jolly, genial man, quite capable of appreciating a joke, unless, indeed, he had fallen a victim to the epidemic of stupidity that seemed to be making itself known everywhere.

"Hollister, old boy," said I, "here's the latest: For street wear nothing is more

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

HARRY LACEY

In Joseph Arthur's Play,

The Still Alarm

Wednesday Matinee, 25c and 50c.

Prices: \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c.

NEXT SUNDAY

THE FOUR COHANS

IN

The Governor's Son.

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, (Popular Mat. Wed.)

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,

MR. E. S.

WILLARD

Friday Night and Sat. matinee

"A Silent Woman" and

"David Garrick"

Wed. and Sat. nights

"The Middleman"

Thursday evening

"Tom Pinch"

NEXT MONDAY

DANIEL FROHMAN

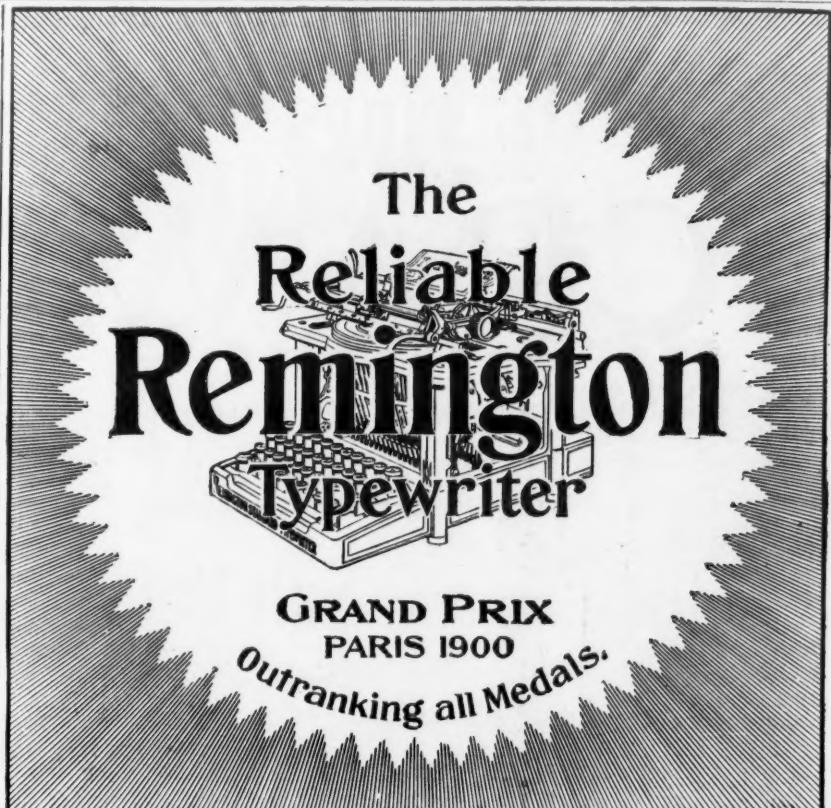
presents

Lady

Huntworth's

Experiment.

Regular Wednesday and Saturday Matinees.



St. Louis Branch—710 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Greatest Musical Event of the Season.
Gounod's Oratorio, "THE REDEMPTION,"
GIVEN BY THE
Choral-Symphony Society,
Thursday Eve., April 4th, 8:15,
AT THE ODEON,

SOLOISTS—Sara Anderson, Soprano; Mrs. Oscar Bollman, Contralto; Harry J. Fellows, Tenor; D. Ffrangcon-Davies, Bass; Charles Galloway, Organist.

THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF 55 MUSICIANS,

Under the Direction of Prof. Alfred Ernst.

GRAND CHORUS OF 250 SELECTED VOICES.

PRICES—Parquet, \$1.50; Balcony, first two rows, \$1.00; Balcony, remainder, 75c. Tickets at Bollman's. Reserve seats early.

Music Hall { CASTLE SQUARE } 80
OPERA CO. { Artists.
WEEK OF APRIL 1. (Last Week but one.)

Verdi's Greatest Work!

Two Hundred People on the Stage!

Sumptuous Setting!

Enlarged Chorus!

Week of April 8—FAREWELL WEEK—Monday, "FAUST"; Tuesday, "MARTHA"; Wednesday Matinee, "BOHEMIAN GIRL"; Wednesday Night, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"; Thursday, "IL TROVATORE"; Friday, "LOHENGRIN"; Saturday Matinee, "IL TROVATORE"; Saturday Night, "PATIENCE"

On Farewell Night, during the intermissions, leading members of the company will be heard in operatic solos, and at the conclusion of the opera the entire company will join in "AULD LANG SYNE."

AIDA

THE STANDARD.
SEVENTH AND WALNUT STREETS.

Night at 8. The Vaudeville House of the West. Matinee Every Day at 2 THIS WEEK.

American Burlesquers.

EXTRA—GUS RUHLIN in illustrations of the manly art.

NEXT WEEK,

ROBIE'S KNICKERBOCKERS.

improper than a rainy-day skirt. How's that?"

"Ha, ha!" roared Hollister. "Great! Capital! Oho, that's funny! I must tell Baggs. I say, Baggs, listen to this: For street wear there isn't anything so improper as a rainy-day skirt."

"I don't see anything funny in that," observed Baggs, without showing much interest.

"Of course you don't, of course you don't," cried Hollister. "That's just it; you have no sense of humor. That joke's a test of a man's sense of humor, a real humorometer, like the man who rubbed lettuce on his hair and said he thought it was spinach. Oh, Abbott, you're a wit, a true wit, and no mistake."

I turned wearily away, and began to wonder whether my joke was really no good or whether it was simply too subtle for any one to whom I had as yet submitted it. On my way home I met Smith. Now, Smith is a freak and a crank, and some people think he's almost an idiot, but in sheer despair I told the joke to him.

"Hush!" he said, lifting a warning forefinger and shaking it in my face—"hush! Breath it not aloud, the wild winds must not hear it. It's great, old man, it's fine, but you shouldn't have told it, even to me, until you'd sold it. Here's my rule for jokes:

"Always sell 'em
Before you tell 'em;
For if you tell 'em
Before you sell 'em,
To whom you tell 'em
Will run and sell 'em."

I left Smith, laughing at his funny, cautious notions, but glad that I had at last found one who really appreciated the greatness of my joke, and by the peculiar twinkle in his eye I knew that he had really done so.

That evening I went over to Dorothy's, as usual. On the veranda sat a merry crowd of young people, and, as I arrived, Dorothy called out:

"Oh, Jack, is that you? Come here, quick; I want to tell you the best joke you ever heard. It's the very latest. Mr. Harper just told it to me, and Mr. Ferris told it to him. Oh, Mr. Ferris is so clever. Listen: For rainy-day wear, nothing is more improper than a short skirt. Isn't that funny? Why, how blank you look! I don't believe you see the point at all. *Nothing* is more improper. See? Wouldn't it be? I think the whole joke is slightly improper, but it's so good that I can't help telling it."

I managed to manufacture a hearty laugh for the occasion, but I registered a secret resolve that hereafter I would be guided by Smith's rule for jokes.—*Carolyn Wells in the March Century Magazine.*



The wedding invitations, so much in use in the most exclusive social circles, because always correct in form, and of the finest material and engravings, are executed in the stationery factory of Mermad & Jaccard's, Broadway and *ocust.*



The late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was not quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away. Then he remarked: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your incense." "Very sorry, my lord, very sorry," replied Father Stanton, submissively, "but it is the very best I can get for three shillings and sixpence a pound."



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MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH.

You promise heavens free from strife,
Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forego,
This warm, kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
One great reality above:
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
And child-like hide myself in love:
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips an' fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains:
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear, dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them is because they die.

—William (Johnson) Cory.

APRIL.

I flood with gold the gorges,
With rain the water-courses,
And I restrain
With silver rein
The wild sea-horses.

I am the blackbird singing,
I am the grasses swinging;
I am the spur
Sets reeds astir
And bluebells ringing.

I quicken in their graves
Seeds that the winter saves;
Flags for me stay;
The budding May
My coming craves.

I open all kept close,
I quicken the red rose;
The cloud that towers
Big with its showers
My message knows.

I am the hawk that hovers
The wild life in the covers:
No lark so high
Dare soar, as I
That sing to lovers.

I flood with gold the gorges,
With rain the water-courses,
And I restrain
With silver rein
The wild sea-horses.

—Nora Hopper.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With a sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But oh! these battles they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town;
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came—
The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.

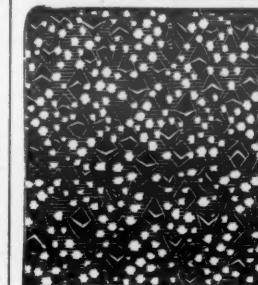
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